THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded by Benj. Franklin

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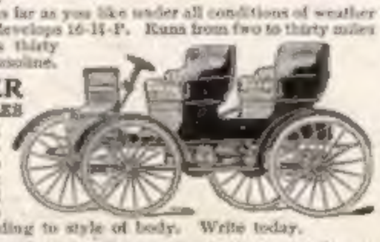

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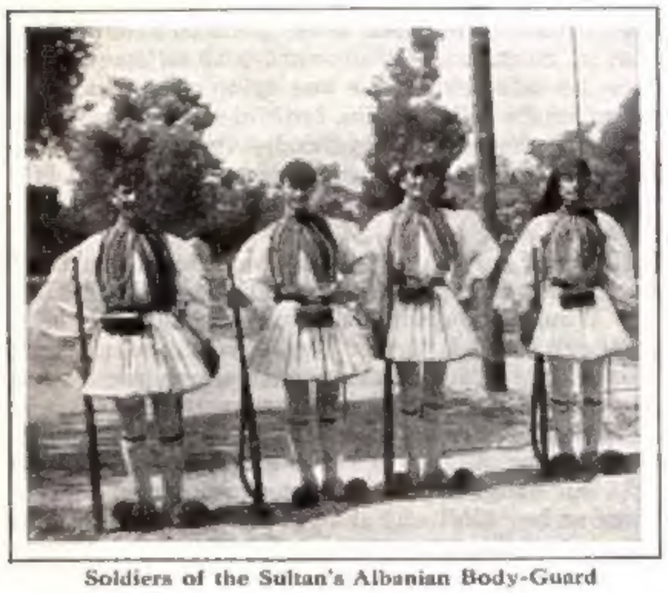
A TERRORIZED TURKEY



Soldiers of the Sultan's Albanian Body-Guard

Tales of an Empire Ruled by Fear

By E. A. P.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Types of Turkish Provincial Police

THERE is a saying in Constantinople that when three Turks are seen together, one of them is a spy. In Turkey espionage is, indeed, universal. The silent-footed waiter who serves you at table d'hôte, the trim chambermaid who cares for your room, the *lustro* who polishes your boots, your cab-driver, your barber, the affable stranger who happens to sit beside you on boat or train—each and all are members of that remarkable organization by means of which the Commander of the Faithful keeps a paternal eye on the doings of his people and of the strangers within his gates. No other country in the world is so completely under the domination of the spy. The Scotland Yard force of London, the *Service de Sûreté* of Paris, even the notorious Fifth Section of St. Petersburg, are all active and more or less efficient organizations which, everything considered, perform their work with a surprising measure of success. But they are all subservient to some department of the Government, and their energies are directed toward the maintenance of law and order, the protection of the chief of the state, the prevention of crime and the capture of criminals; in short, to the preservation of the social system.

That vast secret organization whose widespread operations are directed from Yildiz Kiosk, and whose ramifications extend to the furthermost limits of the Ottoman Empire, exists, on the other hand, solely as the instrument of a despotic ruler, and its members are responsible to him and to no one else. Even in a land accustomed to lawlessness their acts are considered illegal; often they commit crimes instead of suppressing them; they have forgotten more about the niceties of graft than the bureaucratic officials of St. Petersburg or the municipal ones of New York ever knew; they have cast a spell of terror over an empire of fifty millions of people the like of which has never been known even in the dominions of the Great White Tsar.

So widespread is the system of espionage in Turkey that it is almost unbelievable to one who has not dwelt in that mysterious land. From Monastir to Mecca, throughout the length and breadth of the Empire, an unremitting watch is kept on high and low alike. The Sheik-ul-Islam may not dine with a friend; the Governor of Bagdad may not give audience to a stranger; the commander of a gunboat in the Red Sea may not read a foreign newspaper without a report being flashed to Constantinople. One of the first impressions of the stranger in Turkey is the nameless terror which pervades the land—a terror which makes one speak of the Sultan as "him," and of political affairs under one's breath, and of the heir to the throne not at all; which causes foreign newspapers to be shunned as though they were tainted with leprosy; which teaches men to look behind the door and the curtains before they speak; for, though this is the year of grace one thousand nine hundred and eight, the methods of the Inquisition and the Council of Ten still prevail south of the Danube.

The Secret Police are materially assisted in their supervision of both natives and foreigners by the rigid system of passports and *tezkerehs* which obtains throughout the Turkish Empire. No foreigner can enter the Ottoman dominions unless possessed of a passport, which must previously have been viséed at a Turkish embassy or consulate. Even when once on Turkish soil it is impossible to travel without a *yolltezkereh* or traveling passport, this document, which is in Turkish, being given because the police agents in the interior cannot read a foreign passport and hence are incompetent to pronounce on its validity. These *tezkerehs* are issued by the Ministry of Police, and as it is necessary for the bearer to secure a visé for every fresh journey, even though only a few hours be spent in a place, it is a simple matter for the police authorities to be constantly aware of the movements and whereabouts of every individual, be he pasha or peasant.

In this connection it is worthy of note that Ottoman subjects are forbidden by law to leave the Empire—temporarily or otherwise—unless granted an *irade* to do so by the Sultan. As a result of this restriction, assisting emigrants to leave Turkey has become a recognized and lucrative business at the Black Sea ports, and especially along the coast of Syria, a regular tariff of forty Turkish liras (about one hundred and seventy-six dollars) being the charge for putting an emigrant aboard a foreign ship. This is apportioned according to a regular scale among the various officials concerned, the governor of the town of embarkation receiving twenty liras, the chief of police ten liras, the captain of the port five liras, while three liras are divided among various minor officials, and two liras are paid to the boatmen who row the fugitive emigrant out to the ship at dead of night.

It is impossible, moreover, for any Ottoman subject who has left the Empire under such circumstances to return without imminent danger of annoyance, insult and, very possibly, imprisonment. Although he may be absent for years he is by no means forgotten by the authorities of his district, and should a longing for a sight of his family or his native land induce him to return he will promptly find that he is the victim of a system of blackmail from police agents and spies. The fact that he may have transferred his allegiance to this or to some other country will not serve to protect him, for there are no naturalization treaties in force with Turkey, the Sultan holding that "once a Turk, always a Turk." In fact, the Department of State, in issuing passports to Turkish subjects who have become naturalized citizens (and the term "Turkish," it must be remembered, includes Armenians, Macedonians, Bulgarians, Syrians and Jews), expressly stipulates that the American Government will not be responsible for their safety should they return to their native land.

The fact that *tezkerehs* are not required for the environs of the capital and the summer resorts in its immediate vicinity considerably increases the difficulty of espionage on the Government officials and wealthy merchants who have their summer residences along the Bosphorus or on the Princes' Islands. As an instance of the arbitrary power which the Secret Police exercise over all classes

The Hamidieh Mosque. Troops Arriving for the Ceremony of Selamlik. It was at the Gate of this Mosque, Which Stands Only One Hundred Yards from Yildiz Kiosk, that the Celebrated Attempt was Made in August, 1904, on the Life of the Sultan

Typical Christian Fighting Man

and conditions, I shall mention an incident which occurred not many months since. The group known as the Princes' Islands lies in the Sea of Marmora, about a dozen miles from Constantinople and a mile and a half from the mainland of Asia. They have long been a favorite summer resort for wealthy Turks, Greeks and Armenians, being for this reason subjected to particularly close surveillance by spies. Until the building of the Anatolian Railway the residents on Prinkipos and the other islands of the group were wholly dependent for communication with Constantinople on the wretched service of the Mahsusé line of steamers, a semi-governmental concern which is probably the worst-managed steamship company in the world. The Anatolian Railway officials, who were Germans, promptly took advantage of this opportunity, and organized a half-hourly boat service between Prinkipos and Maltépé, their nearest station on the mainland, thus transporting passengers from the islands to Constantinople and vice versa at lower rates and in quicker time than the antiquated steamboats.

How to Acquire a Country Mansion

THE business of the Mahsusé Company was in danger of extinction, when one of the stockholders, who was also an official in the Ministry of Police, caused word to reach the Sultan that, owing to the frequent service given by the Anatolian Railway Company's boats, the pashas of the mainland were enabled frequently to visit—and presumably intrigue—with their friends on the Princes' Islands. Instantly came a *firman* from the palace directing that the Anatolian boat service be discontinued, so that to-day the Mahsusé line is again paying dividends, while the passengers on its ramshackle vessels pray that each voyage may not be their last.

The above was an example of grafting on a large scale. Here is the story, as told me by the victim himself, of graft on a small scale:

There lives in Stamboul a young Armenian whose name I shall not reveal. He was educated in England and is imbued with English ideas as to government—which, for obvious reasons, he keeps to himself. His father, a wealthy cotton merchant having establishments at half a dozen cities in England and in Asia Minor, died some two or three years ago, leaving to his son, not then of age, a flourishing business and the care of his mother and three sisters. A few months after the death of his father the young man was awakened from sleep one night by the crash of the knocker. Going downstairs he opened the grille—no one in Turkey opens the door until he knows who is on the other side—and descried a group of uniformed men without. "Open!" commanded one of them. "Open in the name of the Padishah!" To resist was useless, for he was an Armenian, rich, defenseless, and a Christian, so he swung back the door. Police and spies filed in. "You are accused, giaour," said the leader, "of plotting against the life of his gracious Majesty—whom Allah preserve. Dog of an infidel, what have you to say for yourself?" Being an Armenian the young man knew that denial was useless, and kept silent.

"But," continued the spokesman, "we trusty servants of the Calif—may Allah shower blessings upon him—be but poor men. Give us then, out of your ill-gained wealth, but a thousand golden liras, and we will depart as we came, forgetting your existence."

The Armenian told me that he did not have the amount demanded in the house at the time, and he would not have given it to them if he had, for it would have been but a beginning. So they carried this twenty-year-old boy off to prison. They locked him in a dungeon that makes those in the Doge's palace seem luxurious in comparison, and there he lay for a fortnight or more, amid such filth as is to be found only in an Eastern jail. Each night his captors visited him, endeavoring to shake his resolution by threats of torture. Finally they released him, fearing, perhaps, an investigation of his disappearance. He, of course, did nothing. What could he do? Was he not an Armenian, and rich to boot? And, as any true believer will tell you, all Armenians are dogs and should be treated as such by all good Mohammedans.

Here is another incident which may prove enlightening. One of the highest officers of the Sultan is a Syrian, from Damascus, crafty, unscrupulous, a pro-German and, next to his Imperial master, the most influential man in the Empire. Being a Turk and an official, he is rich—that goes without saying. But he spends his wealth only when other means fail. He desired a summer residence, and one day, at Prinkipos, laid his eyes on just such a one as he wished—a great, high-standing mansion with miles of terraces and sweeping lawns. The owner was an Armenian. Being rich and contented with his house he refused to sell. So one day the Turkish official, whose influence was well worth having, whispered a few words to the chief of the Secret Police. That night a launch, filled with police, slipped from out the shadows beneath Dolma-Bagtche, steamed across the Marmora and landed its armed crew at the Armenian's private quay. The Armenian householder was dragged from his bed; some rifles and ammunition, presumably brought

Turkish Police with Captured Revolutionist

for the purpose, were unearthed in his cellars as evidence of a conspiracy; he was hurried half-clad into the launch and disappeared with it into the night. He has never reappeared. Whether he found a grave in the Bosphorus or is an exile in Fezzan is a matter which interests his family alone. The house, of course, was confiscated, and to-day the Turkish official, gray and bent but still powerful, sits on his broad veranda and looks with satisfaction over his miles of terraces and his sweeping lawns.

It is a matter of considerable difficulty for a Turkish official to obtain permission to leave the country, even temporarily, and for one to attempt to leave without permission is hazardous in the extreme. *Backsheesh*, properly distributed, will do much, however, even with the Secret Police, and, now and then, great officials, tiring of the narrow life to which they are enforced, or flying from the wrath of the Padishah, slip away between two days, and the city beside the Golden Horn knows them no more.

Such a case occurred not long ago, when three high officials of the Court, headed by Arrif Bey, the Sultan's own chamberlain, got safely away despite the utmost efforts of the police. Arrif Bey and his companions lived in palaces whose gardens bordered the Bosphorus. Getting into secret communication with officials of the Russian steamship company, it was arranged that on a certain day the Russian steamer, Odessa-bound, should enter the Bosphorus just at sunset, as no boats are permitted to pass after the firing of the evening gun. The arrangement was carried out to the letter, so that dusk had fallen when the big ship slackened speed opposite the palace of Arrif Bey. A launch shot out from shore, three fugitives scrambled up the ladder, the captain rang for "Full speed ahead," and the St. Andrew's cross flapping from the stern bade defiance to the baffled spies upon the shore.

But for the thread of tragedy which runs through it, the story of the flight from Turkey of the former chief of the Secret Police would not be without its humorous side. For the man who was himself feared by thousands to be compelled to fly like any fugitive from the city of which he had been all but dictator, his every energy exerted in an effort to baffle his own spies, would be amusing were it not for the pathos that lay behind it. Ahmed Jellal-ed-din, a Syrian by birth, was, until 1905 or thereabouts, the chief of the Secret Police. He was in truth the right hand of the Sultan, and, what is more remarkable, one of Abdul Hamid's most loyal subjects. Beyond his devotion to the interests of his Imperial master he had but one thought—his wife, a beautiful Circassian. He loved her as few men ever love a woman. Then she fell ill, and the doctor sent her to Egypt that she might have the benefit of the dry desert air.

The Turk Who Became a British Tourist

WEEKS passed and then word came to Jellal-ed-din that he must hasten Cairoward with all speed if he would see his wife alive. She was dying of consumption in a foreign land. Jellal-ed-din, faithful servant, hastened to his master, the mighty Padishah—the Vicar of God, the Refuge of the World his subjects call him—and laid his heart open, asking for permission to go to the wife who lay dying in Egypt.

Abdul Hamid, suspicious as is his wont, and fearful of losing so efficient a protector, replied in this wise: "Nay, my son. Wouldst thou desert thy Padishah in this his hour of need? And it humor you, I will send my own physician to the bedside of this woman whom you love so strangely. As for you, let us have no more of this folly. It is my wish that you remain here in my city of Stamboul. And if, perchance, Allah—to whom all praise—should see fit to take our daughter, does not my own harem contain many more as beautiful, and shall not so faithful a servant as thou hast been be fittingly rewarded?"

Unsuccessful in his attempt to obtain the Imperial permission to go to Egypt, Jellal-ed-din decided to go without it. But this, even for so powerful a personage as he, was a matter of difficulty and danger; for, in Turkey, the chief of the Secret Police is himself a subject for espionage. Jellal-ed-din, well knowing that his every step was tracked by spies, dined one evening at the Pera Palace Hotel with a trusted friend—there are a few such, even in Turkey—and, dinner over, ordered his coachman in a loud voice to drive him to his house.

In a dark and quiet side street the carriage halted, only for an instant, beside another vehicle, and the chief of spies, now a fugitive himself, stepped from one to the other. The latter vehicle was driven by roundabout ways to the quay at Galata, where the Egyptian mail-boat lay with steam up and clouds of smoke pouring from her funnels. There was nothing to connect the well-groomed, aggressively-British tourist who stepped from the carriage and showed papers perfectly in order with the Minister of Police, for the sombre frock coat had been replaced by a suit of checked tweeds, the fez had been exchanged for a cloth cap, and the carefully-trimmed beard of the official Turk had disappeared, leaving only a waxed mustache.

His passport, properly viséed and stamped, proclaimed him, as he looked, a British globe-trotter, so the sentry drew back and allowed him to ascend the gangway to the

(Continued on Page 28)

Officer of Turkish Gendarmerie

LITTLE IDEAS: BIG PROFITS

How to Catch the Other Man's Trade

"Be good, be good," my father-r said,
"An' you will sure-ly prosper-r!"

THE brief but comprehensive admonition in this ancient couplet has always had its admirers and exponents. John D. Rockefeller has been quoted as saying that the requisites for success in life are Economy, Industry and Steadfastness. Mr. Carnegie mentions Industry, Steadfastness and Economy as the desiderata, and the late Marshall Field insisted that Steadfastness, Economy and Industry would carry a man well toward the front. John L. Gates takes a different viewpoint, but he must not be quoted literally here. He is a forceful man, and his insistence upon individualism and originality, as prerequisites for business success, is expressed in his individual and original phraseology.

All are right, of course. The admirable qualities of honesty, perseverance and carefulness form the backbone of character; but there are floating ribs which can by no means be ignored, if the salesman or bookkeeper is to develop into a successful storekeeper or manufacturer. And Mr. Gates is probably not far from the mark when he dwells upon individuality as a most important business asset. There is both negative and positive evidence that this is so in the fact that among small business men struggling on a hand-to-mouth existence no individuality or originality is apparent, whereas the men who are climbing up, who are nearing the top, and who are at the top, invariably show, in greater or less degree, the independent traits of the pioneer, the inventor or the discoverer. Backed by confidence in their own individuality they advance boldly into unexploited fields; they invent new business methods; or they discover deficiencies and weaknesses in their competitors of which they instantly take advantage.

A traveling agent for a Boston firm of wholesale grocers recently said: "I don't believe there is any line of business where there is such a deadly monotony of sameness as among the small retail groceries of New England and the Middle West. If they were fitted up by the mile, in factories, and chopped off in sections they could not be more alike. There's always the market box, tilted against the doorway, filled with potatoes or onions; always a half-dozen more of the same boxes inside on the floor, tilted against the lowest shelf and blocking that; always the same old pile of cracker-boxes with glass fronts; always the same old meat-block surrounded with suet and sawdust. I get dizzy with it all. I never know whether I am in Schoharie or Mattapan! But there's one store in one town that cheers me up as soon as I get within fifty miles of it."

No Sleeping Cat Among These Groceries

"TWO brothers started it ten years ago," he continued reminiscently. "They had only five hundred dollars capital, and when I booked their first order I supposed they were going to run the same old, universal, standard type of grocery; but, on my second trip, I began to open my eyes, and I've kept opening them wider on every succeeding trip. They're using half a city block now, and over three hundred clerks—all retail. It's a unique store. One enormous room with an unobstructed view—the shelving is all around the outside walls—seven feet high, with windows above. There are no show-windows—no pyramid of canned goods with a cat asleep at the base. You have to go inside to see what these fellows are selling; and then it takes a long time to find out what they are not selling.

"Everything is in departments; aisles ten feet wide, without so much as a toothpick to stumble against. Not a wooden-top counter in the store—all glass. No sawdust, no clerks outside the counters, no meat-cutters rubbing grease on your new spring suit. Darky at the door wearing a smile that'll turn the toughest brand of grouch into the milk of human kindness. He helps the Polish and the Dutch women get their baby carriages in and out, and he opens the doors for the carriage folks. They've got the goods for every one there, from canvas-back to liver, and from asparagus to garlic."

A further inquiry revealed that this store was located in a factory city of eighty thousand inhabitants. In the estimation of every one of their friends the prospect of success for the young men was so poor that the advice of one was evidently the unspoken opinion of all: "Toss your five hundred dollars into the mill-dam and be done with it! You'll save yourself several months of keen anxiety and lost time. You're up against old-established stores with big capital, and, worse than that, you've got to buck against a universal credit system. Not ten per cent. of the people here pay cash for their supplies."

The review of the situation was correct. But there was an asset possessed by the young men of which their friends were not aware—a strong individuality. That has placed them in ownership of a store which long since outstripped the largest of its competitors. They have revolutionized the methods of food distribution in that city, and have educated the people up to an understanding of the economy of eliminating the visiting order-clerk and the extravagant weekly account book.

The junior partner laughed when he was asked what produced this success.

"There is really nothing remarkable about our methods," he said. "Before we commenced we studied the situation and saw lame points in every other store in the town, and we thought we could cut them out. The worst of these points was the handling of meats. I had been meat-cutter in several stores and I knew just how it was. Women would come in and pick up a joint, turn it over and back, digging fingers into it that had probably not been washed, excepting in dish-water, for two days or more. Now, I think I may safely say that not one hundred dollars' worth of meat has been handled in this way by our customers since we started. We put in a big glass-covered counter and displayed our joints in that. We marked the weight and price on each piece plainly. We used no sawdust on the floors and allowed no grease anywhere. The people liked it. It looked clean—and it was clean; and at the end of our second winter we were selling more meat than any other store in town. That, and that alone, was what started us toward success. If I should have to put it in very few words they would be: the most scrupulous cleanliness, the greatest possible display of varieties, and plain figures on everything. I consider the last very important. Customers can stroll around our departments and select just what they want, at the prices they wish to pay, without asking a question. Our clerks can easily attend to twice as many customers as they could if they had to answer questions and wait for decisions."

The Juggernaut of Business Fashion

THERE is a curious phase about individuality which may often be observed in small business men—a lack of accompanying confidence in their own ideas. A man may have—and put in practice—very original and independent plans about his home or his garden, his religion, his politics or his social pursuits, but the instant business comes into view his individualism is crushed by traditional custom and conservatism. His store will not be a whit different from those of his competitors. His signs will be designed in the same style and in the same phraseology. His window displays will be copies of others; his stock will be arranged in the same old conservative way; his delivery wagon will be painted and lettered like scores of other delivery wagons. His outfits and his methods are duplicates of Smith in the next block and Brown in the block beyond and Robinson around the corner, although he may be a man of far stronger personality than Smith, Brown or Robinson. He may use very original conversational phrases, but when he attempts to write an advertisement conventionality rises before him as a wall. He becomes as stilted and hidebound as if making out a sixty-day note, and he produces trite announcements of a "Full line of well-selected goods" and dreary platitudes of "Orders promptly and cheerfully filled."

When such a man as that lets himself out—when he cuts loose from the idea that, because Jones is handling a certain line of goods in a certain way, he must also get those same goods and handle them in the same way; when he gives his own individuality fair play and leads, instead of follows; initiates instead of imitates—he has stepped out of the ranks of the mediocre, and the public recognizes the fact as quickly as he himself does.

The widow of a man who had conducted a small variety store for twelve years without increasing his sales to any appreciable extent or making more than a bare living decided, upon her husband's death, to continue the business herself. The store was in an excellent location, close to the entrance of a great manufacturing plant where nearly ten thousand hands were employed. There were two good show-windows, one of which was filled with a cyclonic collection of cheap baseballs, marbles, song-books, pencils, and a few current or old magazines thrown on top. The other window was filled with tobacco and cigarette signs—many of them of brands long out of existence—and some cheap pipes. Although one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in wages was carried past that store every week by mechanics, engineers, clerks and working-girls the chief sales were of the cheapest brands of chewing and smoking tobacco. The ancient motto: "If You Don't See What You Want Ask For It!" had hung on the wall for ten years, but the energetic widow immediately exchanged it for one reading: "If You Don't See What You Want It Isn't Here!"

Working on the Customer's Curiosity

SHE tackled the magazine and news problem first. She tossed the miscellaneous toys out of the window, and upon racks close to the glass displayed the current magazines—open at pages upon which began articles or stories of undoubted interest to the men who passed. Every few days these magazines were changed—those upon engineering and technical subjects being succeeded by others purely fictional. She bought a marking pot and brush and induced one of the shipping clerks to give her some instruction in lettering, and, thereafter, a bulletin-board on each side of the entrance announced the most striking features of the current periodicals.

In three months her magazine sales had increased from sixty to over twelve hundred monthly, and the newspapers from two hundred and fifty to nine hundred and fifty daily. The latter increase was secured by the simple expedient of placing a stand outside the door where the men (always in a hurry) could pick up a paper and throw down a coin almost without halting. She studied her customers intently, and by a finer assortment and more tempting display soon doubled the cigar and tobacco trade. One year after taking charge her daily receipts were three times as large as ever were taken by her husband.

All this seems commonplace at the first glance. There is nothing remarkable about the methods, but the result—the tripling of business in one year by an inexperienced woman—shows most vividly that individualism is an enormous power in a small business, as it is in a large one.

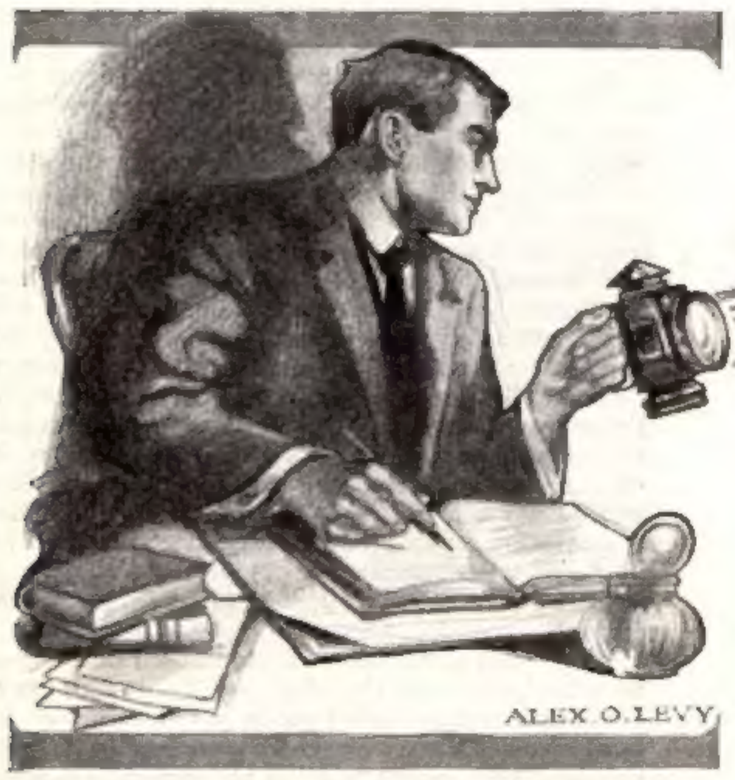
Sometimes the individualism may be more noticeable in the goods than in the storekeeper—as in the case of an unusually specialized line. A young shoe-clerk decided to invest his savings in a store. The town was already well supplied with such establishments, but, instead of

(Concluded on Page 29)

By George Frederic Stratton

SEEING THE CAMPAIGN

Side Lights on President-Making



By Samuel G. Blythe

popularity of Colonel Roosevelt has not diminished any among the people who go to hear campaign speeches, and if the President thinks the ends justify the means, he will put in a few licks among those very people. That will be undignified; quite so. It will not bother the President, for, in addition to making his own precedents, he makes his own dignity. Wherefore, watch out for a few rip-roarers in the closing days. The campaign that is slated to start with but few explosions from the big guns is quite likely to wind up sounding like a Presidential salute from all the thirteen-inchers there are in commission.

Much gratification is expressed by the anxious and alert sleuths, who are watching Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan, over the fact that both are so democratic in their intercourse with the public. Long paeans came from Hot Springs whenever Mr. Taft walked out on the golf course without the escort of two troops of cavalry and not headed by a brass band playing, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!" and whenever Mr. Bryan appeared, for a few fleeting moments, in his garden in his shirt-sleeves the occasion was considered worthy of voluminous note. Apparently, it was expected Mr. Taft would come down to breakfast wearing an ermine robe and surrounded with a bunch of courtiers, and that Mr. Bryan should dig his potatoes in his frock coat and high hat. Then, too, we are told Mrs. Taft has not worn a single, solitary diadem, and still calls her husband "Will," instead of "Your Highness," and that Mrs. Bryan looks after the affairs of her house every day and does not sit in a golden chair surrounded by a covey of ladies-in-waiting.

YOU'D think, to hear them tell it in the dog-days, that after Mr. Taft made his speech of acceptance and Mr. Bryan made his both intended to seek some remote and commodious cave, retire therein, and not make another peep until the morning after election, when one or the other could emerge and shout: "I told you so!"

Word has trickled through the dispatches that the Republican managers think it undignified for a candidate for President to go sky-hooting through the country, making speeches and receiving the kind applause of the populace. Word also comes from Lincoln that Mr. Bryan, having twice tried, without success, to cash in for votes the cheers he got on his swings around the circle, is determined to say but little, and that, principally, from his front porch, where the stained-glass windows glisten and gleam. One scheme, in particular, that has been squelched was to have Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft make a simultaneous appearance at the fair at Lincoln and rival as attractions the Holsteins, the blooded heifer from Fairview and the Chester Whites from Poland China. Other fair managers have been impressed with the bitter truth that this is to be a campaign of silence, of "arguments and facts," as Mr. Hitchcock so succinctly says, and that the leaders will preserve a masterly dignity, in a measure, and leave the followers to send up the skyrockets and burn the issues.

This is what they say in the dog-days, mark you, and they always do say it about this time. But, when we get along to the last two months, when the voters are home from their vacations and are beginning to ask: "Who did you say it was the Republicans nominated?" history is likely to repeat itself, and the country will probably see Mr. Bryan on many an impassioned stump telling why the proletariat should send him a straight ball this time and allow him to hit it instead of making it an inshoot and striking him out for good. Furthermore, it is quite within the bounds of presumption to expect Mr. Taft to venture into various centres of population and explain his side of it to the admiring people. It is easy enough to say stumping by candidates is undignified in the calm and contemplative moments that follow the conventions, but when it nears the finish, and the managers think votes are to be had here or there, the candidates will forget the dignity part of it and go rampaging around for the votes.

A Few Light Licks from the Big Stick

WHEN it comes to public speaking Mr. Bryan has an edge on Mr. Taft, although for the past two years Mr. Taft has been the handy little phonograph for the Administration. Mr. Bryan has been at it since 1896, in the larger sense, and he has spilled language in every hamlet in the land, to say nothing of making a trail of speeches around the world. What we may look for, then, about the middle of October, will be the inspiring spectacle of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt taking a long running jump into the middle of affairs and stirring them up with a few vigorous exclamations about the advisability of electing the Heir Apparent to carry out My, His or Our policies, as the case may appeal to him.

This will be contrary to precedent, but so is Mr. Roosevelt. He makes his own precedents. He will not be talking for his own election. He will talk for the election of his selection—quite a different matter. Moreover, the

Spotting Old Sleuth and His Spies

IT IS all so simple and so American that we are fed with it every day. The intense astonishment of the observers, when Mr. Taft gave a caddie ten cents instead of having the youth kneel before him to be made a knight, was only equaled by the amazement over the wonderful fact that Mr. Bryan eats his soft-boiled, just like any other soft-boiled-egg eater. And when little Charlie Taft stubs his toe, or Willie Bryan barks his shin, it takes half a column to tell about it, with all the horrible details and a few reflections on how democratic and unaffected it is for these boys to do things like other boys or to have things done to them that come the way of a few millions of rising Americans.

The dog-days are the silly season in politics. A loud howl went up from Lincoln because John P. Hopkins and Roger Sullivan, of Chicago, met Judge Alton B. Parker and Paul Cravath, the New York lawyer, in the Yellowstone Park. All these are Democrats. None is shouting very loudly for Bryan. Hence, a plot. It seems that these politicians and others, who went to the Yellowstone because they were nearer to it at the Denver convention than they hoped to be in some time again, chose the Yellowstone as a meeting-place to plan their machinations. There, by the side of Old Faithful, and within sight of numerous other geysers, all reminding them of their candidate, no doubt, they planned dark and desperate deeds. It was a frightful occasion until it was discovered that Hopkins and Sullivan made their plans to go to the Yellowstone months before they went to Denver, and that Judge Parker was on a pleasure trip through the West and wanted to see the Park. Besides, if there was any plotting to be done, it is quite likely these experienced politicians would meet in a back office somewhere instead of in full view of the hundreds of tourists in the Park. Still, that never appealed. It was a plot. S'death!

More than this, when Frank Hitchcock struck Colorado Springs to hold his little school of instruction for the Rocky Mountain national committeemen and State chairmen in the use of the card index, he found lurking on the main street of the city one Ollie James, of Kentucky, and one Henry D. Clayton, of Alabama. Another plot! It was absolutely certain these two Democrats were there to spy on the work of Hitchcock. They are a fine pair of spies, too, agile and alert and capable of squeezing themselves into the smallest spaces, Ollie James being six feet and five inches tall and weighing about three hundred pounds, and Clayton being but a shade smaller. Ollie as a sleuth would remind one of an elephant picking up pins. But the plot was there and we all were much excited over it. You see, James and Clayton decided on a two weeks' visit to Colorado Springs and the mountains a month before Hitchcock ever thought of going out there to put his loose-leaf-ledger system of keeping tab on voters in operation with Cash Cade and Cecil Lyon and the rest.

What Mr. Hitchcock is trying to do is to weld the national machine into one harmonious whole—that is, it is his idea to have each national committeeman and each State chairman trade card indexes with every other committeeman and chairman, so all may know what each one is doing. Whenever one manager has a bright thought he is expected to write it out neatly on one of his cards and send it around so that it may be entered on the cards of all the other managers. Also, a copy of each card is to be sent to Chairman Hitchcock, who will see that it is filed in its proper place.

After the cards are all collected the real work of the campaign will begin. Hitchcock will read the cards. The country will be divided into sections, and each section will have a different color. Whenever Jimmie Williams wants to know what happy ideas Dave Mulvane has been contributing to the work he will look in the red section, and if he should be possessed of a desire to see whether Charles F. Brooker is keeping up his end with suggestions and sending in his cards regularly he will examine the blue box. All national committeemen and State chairmen must be faithful about their cards and keep them up to date or they will incur the severe displeasure of Mr. Hitchcock, which is no slight thing, inasmuch as Mr. Hitchcock used to be the champion heavy-weight boxer of Harvard University, and is there with the punch.

Lest Mr. Bryan Should Forget

THE middle-Western politicians are all puffed up over the announcement that their States are to be the battle-ground, and have birdlime out in every direction hoping to catch whatever may come their way in the form of "facts and arguments" from either side. It is stated with authority—alleged—that Mr. Bryan has decided that the East is hopeless and will make his fight for the votes he needs, in addition to the quota of the Solid South, in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Ohio and Kansas, with excursions to the Rocky Mountain States and the Pacific Slope.

In Iowa he finds the Republicans are split into factions eager to cut one another's throats, but forgets that Senator Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver is there, at Fort Dodge, with his face turned toward the foe, standing between that Commonwealth and anarchy, as he says.

In Illinois Mr. Bryan has dug up another factional Republican fight and he is hopeful; but he forgets again

that, four years ago, at the St. Louis convention, he marched boldly to the front and called John P. Hopkins and Roger Sullivan some very hard names, and that Sullivan is a good deal of a Democratic boss in Illinois.

In Indiana he reckons on the manhandling that imperial State received at the Republican convention in Chicago, where Governor Hanly was booed, where Charles Warren Fairbanks was turned over a barrel and spanked, and where nobody seemed to give a hoot what Indiana felt, thought or desired; but he forgets Albert J. Beveridge, pledged but to truth, to liberty and law, whom no favor sways and no fear shall awe.

Nebraska is his own State, and they cut down a Taft banner in his own city of Lincoln, which presages much; and in Wisconsin the old Stalwart and Halfbreed fight is waging again, although Senator LaFollette has yawned and said: "Oh, yes; I'll support Taft. What a curious question."

Ohio is rent and to rent, with that peerless leader Joseph Benson Foraker beaten to a pulp and sending in a telegram of congratulations to Taft which they used to freeze the ice cream with on the day the iceman didn't get around, and Charles Dick, peerless leader No. 2, sore as a man who has fallen down an elevator shaft; with George B. Cox, the boss of Cincinnati, grimly remembering the speech Taft made at Akron which defeated the Cox ticket in Cincinnati and put a large number of Cox supporters under the heading in the census reports of "Without visible means of support."

And Kansas—Kansas, where they pulled the Republican candidate for Governor through two years ago by about as many votes as the Prohibition candidate for President will get on the East Side in New York City, whereas the same man had nearly seventy thousand in 1904, and Colonel Roosevelt took away a neat little plurality of 126,093 in the same election.

Here is where the issue is to be joined, carpentered and mortised, to hear them tell it now; but Hitchcock has his card-index idea promulgated out in the mountain States and, once that is started, he will put in a complete system in the middle West. Moreover, somebody will come along to Lincoln with a tale of an uprising for Bryan in New York and New England, and there will be frantic efforts made to get a crowbar under it to help it rise. Laying out a campaign a few days after the conventions is like buying an overcoat from a sample. The sample may be nifty enough, but the completed garment is likely to develop rococo effects not dreamed of by the purchaser.

People in New York and the East need not fear that sufficient attention will not be paid to them to satisfy the most fastidious. Watch for William Jennings Bryan to hop into Madison Square Garden one of these nipping fall nights, and be on hand when Theodore Roosevelt casually strolls across from Washington to stir up the metropolis. The middle West will have no monopoly on this fight, no matter how it is pluming itself now.

There is one essential difference between the Republicans and the Democrats. The Republicans do their fighting before election day and usually forget it when they come to vote. The Democrats carry theirs to the ballot-boxes. Still, the Democrats are closer together this year than they have been in twelve, and the Republicans further apart in various localities.

All of which goes to show that both parties will know they have been mixing it before voting time.

ABSOLUTION

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

JUST before daylight the unshaven sentinels at headquarters halted her; a lank corporal arrived, swinging a lighted lantern, which threw a yellow radiance over horse and rider. Then she dismounted.

Mud smeared her riding-jacket; boots and skirt were clotted with it; so was the single army spur. Her horse stretched a glossy, sweating neck and rolled wisely-suspicious eyes at the dazzling light. On the gray saddle-cloth glimmered three gilt letters, C. S. A.

"What name, ma'am?" repeated the corporal, coming closer with lifted lantern, and passing an inquiring thumb over the ominous letters embroidered on the saddle-cloth.

"No name," she said. "They will understand—inside there."

"That your hoss, ma'am?"

"It seems to be."

"Swap him with a Johnny?"

"No; took him from a Johnny."

"Shucks!" said the corporal, examining the gilt letters. Then, looking around at her:

"Wa'll, the gin'rall, he's some busy."

"Please say that his messenger is here."

"Orders is formal, ma'am. I dassent ——"

She pronounced a word under her breath.

"Hey?"

She nodded.

"'Tain't her?" demanded the corporal incredulously.

She nodded again. The corporal's lantern and jaw dropped in unison.

"Speak low," she said, smiling.

He leaned toward her; she drew nearer, inclining her pretty, disheveled head with its disordered braids curling into witchlocks on her shoulders.

"'Tain't *the* Special Messenger, ma'am, is it?" he inquired hoarsely. "The boys is tellin' how you was ketched down to ——"

She made him a sign for silence as the officer of the guard came up—an ill-tempered, heavily-bandaged young man, reeking of iodoform.

"What the ——" he began, but, seeing a woman's muddy skirt in the lantern-light, checked his speech.

The corporal whispered in his ear; both stared. "I guess it's all right," said the officer. "Won't you come in? The general is asleep; he's got half an hour more, but I'll wake him, if you say so."

"I can wait half an hour."

"Take her horse," said the officer briefly, then led the way up the steps of a white porch buried under trumpet-vines in heavy bloom.

The door stood open, so did every window on the ground floor, for the July night was hot. A sentry stood inside the wide hall, resting on his rifle, sleeves rolled to his elbows, cap pushed back on his flushed young forehead.

There was a candle burning in the room on the right; an old artillery officer leaned over the round centre-table, asleep, his round, red face buried in his arms, his sabre tucked snugly between his legs, like the tail of a sleeping dog; an aide-de-camp slept heavily on a mahogany sofa, jacket unbuttoned, showing the white, powerful muscles of his chest, all glistening with perspiration. Beside the open window sat a thin figure in the uniform of a signal officer, and, at first, when the Special Messenger looked at him, she thought he also was asleep.

Then, as though her entrance had awakened him, he straightened up, passed one long hand over his face, looked at her through the candle-light and rose with a grace too unconscious not to have been inherited.

And Hope Died in Her Breast Without a Flicker

The bandaged officer of the guard made a slovenly gesture, half salute, half indicative: "The Messenger," he announced, and, partly turning on his heel as he left the room, "our signal officer, Captain West," in deference to a convention almost forgotten.

Captain West drew forward an armchair; the Special Messenger sank into its tufted depths and stripped the gauntlets from her sun-tanned hands—narrow hands, smooth as a child's, now wearily coiling up the lustrous braids which sagged to her shoulders under the felt riding-hat. And all the while, from beneath level brows, her dark, distrait eyes were wandering from the signal officer to the sleeping major of artillery, to the aide snoring on the sofa, to the trumpet-vines hanging motionless outside the open window. But all she really saw was Captain West.

He appeared somewhat young and thin, his blond hair and mustache were burned-hay color. He was adjusting eyeglasses to a narrow, well-cut nose; under a scanty mustache his mouth had fallen into agreeable lines, the near-sighted eyes, now regarding her normally from behind the glasses, seemed clear, unusually pleasant, even a trifle mischievous.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked respectfully.

"After the general is awake—if I might have the use of a room—and a little fresh water ——" Speech died in her throat; some of the color died in her face, too.

"Did you wish me to awake him now? If your business is urgent I will," said Captain West.

She did not reply; an almost imperceptible twitching tightened her lips; then the young mouth relaxed, drooping a trifle at the corners. Lying there, so outwardly calm, her tired, far-away gaze fixed absently on him, she seemed on the verge of slumber.

"If your business is urgent," he was repeating pleasantly. But she made no answer.

Urgent? No, not now. It had been urgent a second or two ago. But not now. There was time—time to lie there looking at him, time to try to realize such things as triumph, accomplishment, the excitement of achievement; time to relax from the long, long strain and lie nerveless, without strength, yielding languidly to the reaction from a task well done.

So this was success! A faintly pitiful curiosity made her eyes wistful for an instant. Success? It had not come as she expected.

Was her long quest over? Was this the finish? Had all ended here—here at headquarters, whither she had returned to take up, patiently, the lost trail once more?

Her dark eyes rested on this man dreamily; but her heart, after its first painful bound of astonishment, was beating now with heavy, sickened intelligence. The triumph had come too suddenly.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

She was not hungry. There was a bucket of water and a soldier's tin cup on the window-sill; and, forestalling him instinctively, she reached over, plunged the cup into the tepid depths and drank.

"I was going to offer you some," he said, amused; and over the brimming cup she smiled back, shuddering.

"If you care to lie down for a few moments I'll move that youngster off the sofa," he suggested.

But fatigue had vanished; she was terribly awake now.

"Can't you sleep? You are white as death. I'll call you in an hour," he ventured gently, with that soft quality in his voice which sounded so terrible in her ears—so dreadful that she sat up in a tremor of revolt.

"What did you ask me?"

"I thought you might wish to sleep for half an hour ——"

Sleep? She shook her head, wondering whether sleep would be more merciful to her at this time to-morrow—or the next day—or ever again. And all the time, apparently indifferent and distrait, she was studying every detail of this man—his lean features; his lean limbs; his thin, muscular hands; his uniform; the slim, light sabre which he balanced with both hands across his angular knees; the spurred boots, well groomed and well fitted; the polished cross-straps supporting field-glasses and holster.

"You are the famous Special Messenger?—if it is not a military indiscretion to name you," he asked, with a glint of humor in his pleasant eyes. It seemed to her as though something else glimmered there, too—the faintest flash of amused recklessness, as though gayly daring any destiny that might menace. He was younger than she had thought, and it sickened her to realize that he was quite as amiably conscious of her as any well-bred man may be who permits himself to recognize the charm of an attractive woman. All at once, a deathly feeling came over her—faintness, which passed; repugnance, which gave birth to a desperate hope. The hope flickered; only the momentary necessity for self-persuasion kept it alive. She must give every chance; she must take none. Not that for one instant she was afraid of herself—of failing in duty; she understood that she *could* not. But she had not expected this moment to come in such a fashion. No; there was more for her to do, a chance—barely a miracle of chance—that she might be mistaken.

"Why do you think I am the Special Messenger, Captain West?"

There was no sign of inward tumult under her smooth, flushed mask as she lay back, elbows set on the chair's

padded arms, hands clasped together. Over them she looked serenely at the signal officer. And he looked back at her.

"Other spies come to headquarters," he said, "but you are the only one so far who embodies my ideal of the highly mysterious Special Messenger."

"Do I appear very mysterious?"

"Not unattractively so," he said, smiling.

"I have heard," she said, "that the Union spy whom they call the Special Messenger is middle-aged and fat."

"I've heard that, too," he nodded, with a twinkle in his gray eyes; "and I've heard also that she's red-headed, peppered with freckles, and—according to report—bow-legged from too many cross-saddles."

"Please observe my single spur," she said, extending her slender, booted foot; "and you notice that I don't fit that passport."

"My idea of her passport itemizes every feature you possess," he said, laughing; "five feet seven, dark hair, brown eyes, regular features, small, well-shaped hands——"

"Please—Captain West!"

"I beg your pardon——" very serious.

"I am not offended. . . . What time is it, if you please?"

He lifted the candle, looked closely at his watch and informed her; she expressed disbelief, and stretched out her hand for the watch. He may not have noticed it; he returned the watch to his pocket.

She sank back in her chair, very thoughtful. Her glimpse of the monogram on the back of the watch had not lasted long enough. Was it an M or a W she had seen?

The room was very hot; the aide on the sofa ceased snoring; one spurred heel had fallen to the floor, where it trailed limply. Once or twice he muttered nonsense in his sleep.

The major of artillery grunted, lifted a congested face from the cradle of his folded arms, blinked at them stupidly, then his heavy, round, close-clipped head fell into his arms again. The candle glimmered on his tarnished shoulder-straps.

A few moments later the door at the end of the room creaked and a fully-lathered visage protruded. Two gimlet eyes surveyed the scene; a mouth all awry from a sabre-slash closed grimly as Captain West rose to attention.

"Is there any fresh water?" asked the general. "There's a dead mouse in this pail."

At the sound of his voice the aide awoke, got on to his feet, took the pail, and wandered off into the house somewhere; the artillery officer rose with a dreadful yawn, and picked up his forage cap and gauntlets.

Then he yawned again, showing every yellow tooth in his head.

The general opened his door wider, standing wiry and erect in boots and breeches. His flannel shirt was open at the throat; lather covered his features, making the distorted smile that crept over them unusually hideous.

"Well, I'm glad to see *you*," he said to the Special Messenger; "come in while I shave. West, is there anything to eat? All right; I'm ready for it. Come in, Messenger, come in!"

She entered, closing the bedroom door; the general shook hands with her slyly, saying, "I'm devilish glad you got through, ma'am. Have any trouble down below?"

"Some, General."

He nodded and began to shave; she stripped off her tight outer jacket, laid it on the table, and, ripping the lining stitches, extracted some maps and shreds of soft paper covered with notes and figures.

Over these, half-shaved, the general stooped, razor in hand, eyes following her forefinger as she traced in silence the lines she had drawn. There was no need for her to speak, no reason for him to inquire; her maps were perfectly clear, every route named, every regiment, every battery labeled, every total added up.

Without a word she called his attention to the railroad and the note regarding the number of trains.

"We've got to get at it, somehow," he said. "What are those?"

"Siege batteries, General—on the march."

His mutilated mouth relaxed into a grin.

"They seem to be all-fired sure of us. What are they saying down below?"

"They talk of being in Washington by the fifteenth, sir."

"Oh. . . . What's that topographical symbol—here?" placing one finger on the map.

"That is the Moray mansion—or was."

"*Was?*"

"They Seem to be All-fired Sure of Us"

"Sheridan's cavalry burned it, two weeks ago Thursday."

"Find anything to help you there?"

She nodded.

The general returned to his shaving, completed it, came back and examined the papers again.

"That infantry, there," he said, "are you sure it's Longstreet's?"

"Yes, sir."

"You didn't see Longstreet, did you?"

"Yes, sir; and talked with him."

The general's body-servant knocked, announcing breakfast, and left the general's boots and tunic, both carefully brushed. When he had gone out again the Special Messenger said very quietly:

"I expect to report on the Moray matter before night."

The general buckled in his belt and hooked up his sword.

"If you can nail that fellow," he said, speaking very slowly, "I guess you can come pretty close to getting whatever you ask for from Washington."

For a moment she stood very silent there, her ripped jacket hanging limp over her arm; then, with a pallid smile:

"Anything I ask for? Did you say that, sir?"

He nodded.

"Even if I ask for—his pardon?"

The general laughed a distorted laugh.

"I guess we'll bar that," he said. "Will you breakfast, ma'am? The next room is free, if you want it."

Headquarters bugles began to sound as she crossed the hall, jacket dangling over her arm, and pushed open the door of a darkened room. The air within was stifling, she opened a window and thrust back the blinds, and at the same moment the ringing crack of a rifled cannon shattered the silence of dawn. Very, very far away a dull boom replied.

Outside, in dusky obscurity, cavalry were mounting; a trooper, pumping water from a well under her window, sang quietly to himself in an undertone as he worked, then went off carrying two brimming buckets.

The sour, burned stench of stale campfires tainted the morning freshness.

She leaned on the sill, looking out into the east. Somewhere yonder, high against the sky, they were signaling with torches. She watched the red flames swinging to right, to left, dipping, circling; other sparks broke out to the north, where two army corps were talking to each other with fire.

As the sky turned gray one by one the forest-shrouded hills took shape; details began to appear—woodlands grew out of fathomless shadows, fields, fences, a rocky hillock close by, trees in an orchard, some Sibley tents.

And with the coming of day a widening murmur grew out of the invisible, a swelling monotone through which, incessantly, near and distant, broke cheery little flurries of bugle music, and far and farther still, where mists hung over a vast hollow in the hills, the dropping shots of the outposts thickened to a steady patter, running backward and forward, from east to west, as far as the ear could hear.

A soldier brought her some breakfast; later he came again with her saddle-bags and a big bucket of fresh water, taking away her riding-habit and boots, which she thrust at him from the half-closed door.

Her bath was primitive enough; a sheet from the bed dried her, the saddle-bags yielded some fresh linen, a pair of silk stockings and a comb.

Sitting there behind closed blinds, her smooth body swathed to the waist in a sheet, she combed out the glossy masses of her hair before braiding them once more around her temples; and her dark eyes watched daylight brighten between the slits in the blinds.

The cannonade was gradually becoming tremendous, the guns tuning up by batteries. There was, however, as yet, no platoon-firing distinguishable through the sustained crackle of the fusillade; columns of dust, hanging above fields and woodlands, marked the course of every northern road where wagons and troops were already moving west and south; the fog from the cannon turned the rising sun to a pulsating, cherry-tinted globe.

There was no bird music now from the orchard; here and there a scared oriole or robin flashed through the trees, winging its frightened way out of pandemonium.

The cavalry horses of the escort hung their heads, as though dully enduring the uproar; the horses of the field ambulances parked near the orchard were being backed into the shafts; the band of an infantry regiment, instruments flashing dully, marched up, halted, deposited trombone, clarion and bass drum on the grass and were told off as stretcher-bearers by a smart Irish sergeant, who wore his cap over one ear. The shock of the cannonade was terrific; the Special Messenger, buttoning her fresh linen, winced as window and door quivered under the pounding uproar. Then, dressed at last, she opened the shaking blinds and, seating herself by the window, laid her riding-jacket across her knees.

There were rents and rips in sleeve and body, but she was not going to sew. On the contrary, she felt about with delicate, tentative fingers, searching through the loosened lining until she found what she was looking for, and, extracting it, laid it on her knees—a photograph, in a thin gold oval, covered with glass.

The portrait was that of a young man—thin, quaintly amused, looking out of the frame at her from behind his spectacles. The mustache appeared to be slighter, the hair a trifle longer than the mustache and hair worn by the signal officer, Captain West. Otherwise, it was the man. And hope died in her breast without a flicker.

Sitting there by the shaking window, with the daguerreotype in her clasped hands, she looked at the summer sky, now all stained and polluted by smoke; the uproar of the guns seemed to be shaking her reason, the tumult within her brain had become chaos, and she scarcely knew what she did as, drawing on both gauntlets and fastening her soft riding-hat, she passed through the house to the porch, where the staff officers were already climbing into their saddles. But the general, catching sight of her face at the door, swung his horse and dismounted, and came clanking back into the deserted hallway where she stood.

"What is it?" he asked, lowering his voice so she could hear him under the din of the cannonade.

"The Moray matter. . . . I want two troopers detailed."

"Have you nailed him?"

"Yes—I——" She faltered, staring fascinated at the distorted face, marred by a sabre to the hideousness of doom itself. "Yes, I think so. I w-want two troopers—Burke and Campbell, of the escort, if you don't mind——"

"You can have a regiment! Is it far?"

"No." She steadied her voice with an effort.

"Near *my* headquarters?"

"Yes."

"Damnation!" he blazed out, and the oath seemed to shock her to self-mastery.

"Don't ask me now," she said. "If it's Moray, I'll get him. . . . What are those troops over there, General?" pointing through the doorway.

"The Excelsiors—Irish Brigade."

She nodded carelessly. "And where are the signal men? Where is your signal officer stationed—Captain ——"

"Do you mean West? He's over on that knob, talking to Wilcox with flags. See him, up there against the sky?"

"Yes," she said.

The general's gimlet eyes seemed to bore through her. "Is that all?"

"All, thank you," she motioned with dry lips.

"Are you properly fixed? What do you carry—a revolver?"

She nodded in silence.

"All right. Your troopers will be waiting outside. . . . Get him, in one way or another—understand?"

"Yes."

A few moments later the staff galloped off and the escort clattered behind, minus two troopers, who sat on the edge of the veranda in their blue-and-yellow shell-jackets, carbines slung, poking at the grass with the edges of their battered steel scabbards.

The Special Messenger came out presently, and the two troopers rose to salute. All around her thundered the guns; sky and earth were trembling as she led the way through an orchard all heavy with green fruit. A volunteer nurse was gathering the hard little apples for cooking; she turned, her apron full, as the Special Messenger passed, and the two women, both young, looked at one another through the sunshine—looked, and turned away, each to her appointed destiny.

The smoke, drifting back from the batteries, was thicker beyond the orchard. Not very far away the ruddy sparkle of exploding Confederate shells lighted up the obscurity. Farther beyond the flames of the Union guns danced red through the cannon gloom. Higher on the hill, however, the air became clearer; a man outlined in the void was swinging signal flags against the sky.

"Wait here," said the Special Messenger. The troopers unslung carbines, and leaned quietly against their feeding horses, watching her climb the crest.

The crest was bathed in early sunlight, an aërial island jutting up above a smoky sea. From the terrible veiled maelstrom roaring below in half-veiled obscurity the battle thunder reverberated and the lightning of the guns flared.

For a moment, poised, she looked down into the inferno, striving to penetrate the hollow, then glanced out beyond, over the fields and woods of the panorama where sunlight patched the world beyond the edges of the dark pall.

Behind her Captain West, field-glasses leveled, seemed to be very busy about his own business.

She sat down on the grassy acclivity. Below her, far below, Confederate shells were constantly striking the base of the hill. A mile away black squares checkered a slope; beyond the squares a wood was suddenly belted with smoke, and behind her she heard the swinging signal flags begin to whistle and snap in the hill wind. She had sat there a long while before Captain West spoke to her, standing tall and thin beside her; some half-serious, half-humorous pleasantry. But she looked up into his face, and he became silent, and after a while he moved away.

A little while later the artillery duel subsided and finally died out abruptly, leaving a comparative calm, broken only by slow and very deliberate picket-firing.

The signal men laid aside their soiled flags and began munching hardtack; Captain West came over, bringing his own rations to offer her, but she refused with a gesture, sitting there, chin propped in her palms, elbows indenting her knees.

"Are you not hungry or thirsty?" he asked her solicitously.

"No," she said almost sharply.

He had carelessly seated himself on the natural rocky parapet, spurred boots dangling over space. For one wild instant she hoped he might slip and fall headlong—and his blood be upon the hands of his Maker.

Sitting near one another they remained silent, restless-eyed, brooding above the battle-scarred world. As he rose to go he spoke once or twice to her with that haunting softness of voice which had begun to torture her; but her replies were very brief, and he said nothing more.

At intervals during the afternoon orderlies came to the hill; one or two general officers and their staffs arrived for brief consultations, and departed at a sharp gallop down the hill.

About three o'clock there came an unexpected roar of artillery from the Union left; minute by minute the racket swelled as battery after battery joined in the din.

Behind her the signal flags were fluttering wildly once more; a priest, standing near her, turned, nodding:

"Our boys will be going in before sundown," he said quietly.

"Are you Father Corby, chaplain of the Excelsiors?"

"Yes, madam."

He lifted his hat and went away knee-deep through the windy hill-grasses; white butterflies whirled around him as he strode on, head on his breast; the swift hill swallows soared and skimmed along the edges of the smoke as though inviting him. From her rocky height she saw the priest enter the drifting clouds.

A man going to his consecrated duty. And she? Where lay her duty? And why was she not about it?

"Captain West!" she called in a clear, hard little voice.

Seated on his perch above the abyss, the officer lowered his field-glasses and turned his face. Then he rose and walked over to where she was sitting. She stood up at once

"Will you walk as far as those trees with me?" she asked. There was a strained ring to her voice.

He wheeled, spoke briefly to a sergeant, then, with that subtle and pleasant deference which characterized him, he turned and fell into step beside her.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked softly.

Then, Like a Flash His Hand Fell to His Holster, and it was Empty

"Yes. . . . God help us both."

He halted. At a nod from her, two troopers standing beside their quietly browsing horses, cocked carbines. The sharp, steel click of the locks was perfectly audible through the din of the cannon.

The signal officer looked at her; and her face was as white as his.

"You are Warren Moray—I think," she said.

For a second his eyes flashed; then the old half-gay, half-defiant smile flickered over his face.

"Messenger," he said, "you come as a dark envoy for me. Now I understand your beauty—Angel of Death."

"Are you Major Moray?" She could scarcely speak.

He smiled, glanced at the two troopers, and shrugged his shoulders. Then, like a flash his hand fell to his holster, and it was empty; and the pistol glimmered in her hand.

"For God's sake, don't touch your sabre-hilt!" she said. . . . Unclasp your belt! Let it fall!"

"Can't you give me a chance with those cavalrymen?"

"I can't. You know it."

"Yes; I know."

There was a silence; then the loosened belt fell to the grass, the sabre clashing. He looked coolly at the troopers, at her, and then out across the smoke. Then, for a moment, he was silent.

"*This* way?" he said, as though to himself. "I never thought it." His voice was quiet and pleasant, with a slight touch of curiosity in it.

"How did you know?" he asked simply, turning to her again.

She stood leaning back against a tree, trying to keep her eyes fixed on him through the swimming weakness invading mind and body.

"I suppose this ends it all," he added absently; and touched the sabre lying in the grass with the tip of his spurred boot.

"Did you look for any other ending, Mr. Moray?"

"Yes—I did."

"How could you, coming into our ranks with a dead man's commission and forged papers? How long did you think it could last? Were you mad?"

He looked at her wistfully, smiled, and shook his head.

"Not mad, unless you are. Your risks are greater than were mine."

She straightened up and stepped toward him, very pale.

"Will you come?" she asked. "I am sorry."

"I am sorry—for us both," he said gently. "Yes, I will come. Send those troopers away."

"I cannot."

"Yes, you can. I give my word of honor."

She hesitated; a bright flush stained his lean face. .

"I take your word," she murmured faintly.

A moment later the troopers mounted and cantered off down the hill, veering wide to skirt the head of a column of infantry marching in; and when the Special Messenger started to return she found masses of men threatening to separate her from her prisoner—sweating, dirty-faced men, clutching their rifle-butts with red hands.

Their officers rode ahead, thrashing through the moist grass; a forest of bayonets swayed in the sun; flag after flag passed, slanting above the masses of blue.

She and her prisoner looked on; the flag of the 63d New York swept by; the flags of the 69th and 88th followed. A moment later the columns halted.

"Your Excelsiors," said Moray calmly. "They're under fire already. Shall we move on?"

A soldier in the ranks, standing with ordered arms, fell straight backward, heavily; a corporal near them doubled up with a grunt.

The Special Messenger heard bullets smacking on rocks; heard their dull impact as they struck living bodies; saw them knock men flat. Meanwhile the flags drooped above the halted ranks, their folds stirred lazily, fell, and scarcely moved; the platoon fire rolled on unbroken somewhere out in the smoke yonder.

"God send me a bullet," said Moray. . . . "Why do you stay here? This is no place for you."

"To—give you—that chance."

"You run it, too."

"I hope so. I am very—tired."

"I am sorry," he said, reddening.

She said fiercely: "I wish it were over. . . . Life is cruel. . . . I suppose we must move on. Will you come, please?"

"Yes—my dark messenger," he said under his breath, and smiled.

A priest passed them in the smoke; her prisoner raised his hand to the vizor of his cap.

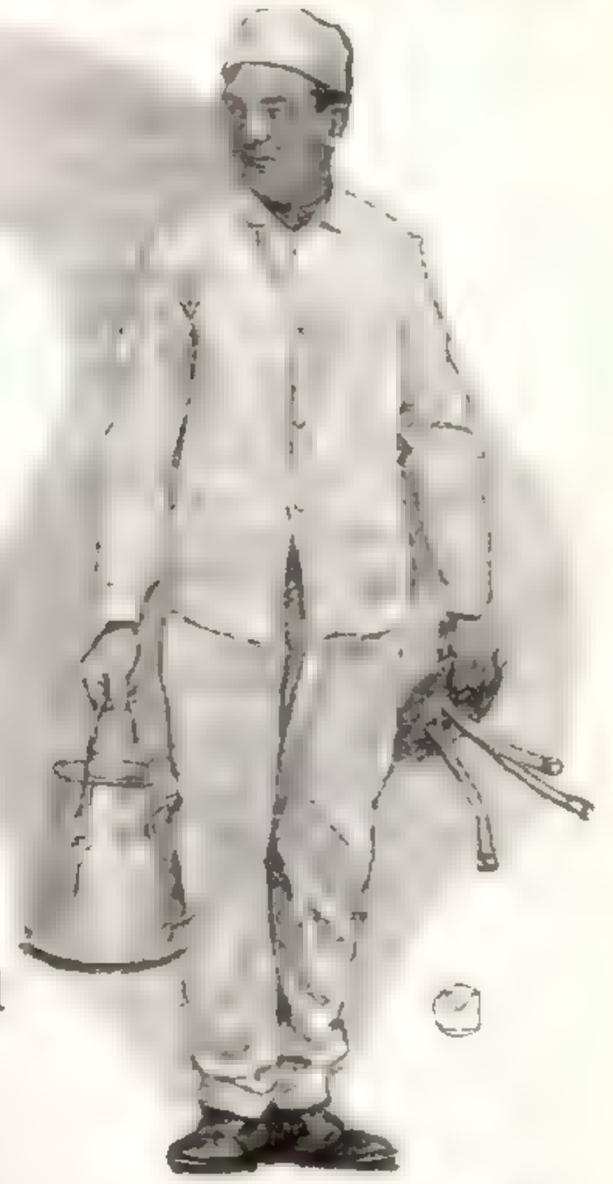
"Father Corby, their chaplain," she murmured.

"Attention! Attention!" a far voice cried, and the warning ran from rank to rank, taken up in turn by officer after officer. Father Corby was climbing to the summit of a mound close by; an order rang out, bugles repeated it, and the blue ranks faced their chaplain.

Then the priest from his rocky pulpit raised his ringing voice in explanation. He told the three regiments of

(Concluded on Page 31)

CRIMES AGAINST THE COW



The Deadliness of Innocence

By Woods Hutchinson A. M., M. D.

DECORATIONS BY EMLEN McCONNELL

WE HAVE long known that cows were dangerous—that is, the better and instinct-guided half of us have. They do not trust themselves in the same field with one if they can help it, and, like Falstaff, are cowards upon instinct, so far as poor Bossy is concerned.

Now comes Science to explain the rational basis of that instinct. Their instinctive dread was just. Its only error was the direction which it took. They were afraid of the wrong part of the animal. It isn't the cow's horns that are dangerous, however crumpled they may be, but her milk—how dangerous we hardly as yet adequately realize.

Milk, as sold in many of our small city stores, contains more bacteria per ounce than sewage. One teaspoonful of it may contain more millions of inhabitants than there are in the whole of Greater New York. No wonder that we are waking up on the subject of dirty milk.

Every particle of this filthiness and deadliness is *of our own making*, the well-earned and richly-deserved wages of our own greediness, carelessness and filthiness. The cow and her milk are both as innocent—as they look. Appearances here, as elsewhere, are not deceitful, except where man has had a finger in the pie. Milk, plain milk, as the cow yields it, without any "improvements" in the way of dust, dirt and "bugs" (germs), is one of the purest and wholesomest foods of the race, and the only one on which we can live and thrive in the earlier and most critical stages of our career. Practically everything that is in it that shouldn't be there is what we have put there ourselves.

The Whited Sepulchre of Foods

IN FACT, its "face" is our misfortune. It *looks* so pure and innocent and harmless. Its fragrance and its taste are inseparably connected with all the magic memories of our childhood; its aroma suggests daisies, buttercups and new-mown hay; it is almost impossible to believe evil of it. "Harmless as milk" has passed into a proverb, and its snowy fragrance has become the Teutonic equivalent of Matthew Arnold's Attic "sweetness and light." The sweet breath of the kine, the golden gleam of the straw, the tinkle of the brook through the meadow, the waving of the lush grasses in the summer wind: these are the associations which it conjures up.

Can this nectar of the Golden Age of Childhood be mentioned in the same breath with *sewage?* Sad to say, its very whiteness may become little better than "whitewash," in the modern sense of the term, and its creamy opaqueness a screen for concealing all sorts of horrors. Clear water is dangerous enough, Heaven knows. But when you render it opaque and call it *milk*, there is practically nothing which it may not conceal.

Its very virtues are its own undoing. Man, alas! is not the only living creature that appreciates its high value as a food. There are others—millions of them—somewhat smaller, it is true, but even quicker to recognize a good thing when they see it, and take possession of it. And when they have bred in it for a few score generations it is literally alive with them. This is where it gets ahead of sewage, both in popularity and populousness. A quart of water could be left exposed to the air and sun for months before developing such a population of germs as a quart of milk will breed in as many hours. It is one of the most superb culture media for germs known, and a few score of them that are blown or dropped into it will in six or eight hours develop their hundreds of thousands.

Busy Little Bugs While the Hours Away

THE moral is: Keep out the first few *seed* germs. Figures are not fascinating, but they are sometimes illuminating. A teaspoonful of milk, if absolutely germ-free when drawn, will, if handled in the ordinary barn or cowshed, then carried to the ordinary dairy, milk-room or cellar, show at the end of the first hour three thousand germs; of the third, fifteen thousand; the sixth, forty-five thousand; the ninth, one hundred thousand, and the twelfth, two hundred and fifty thousand. It makes little difference how thoroughly and hermetically it may be sealed up *after* the first contamination or "seeding" has taken place. The growth of its germ population goes on unchecked. The only way to check it is to boil it, pasteurize it, or expose it to a low temperature. This is why it is always a point of advantage to keep milk cool. An open jar or pan of milk, in any ordinary room or cellar in which it is kept, is a standing invitation to germs to alight and help themselves; and when once they have, at any stage of the exposure, they will go right on and multiply until they have reached the stage which all theatrical managers so long for, "Standing Room Only." The outlook for keeping milk clean would appear to be, in the language of the day, "distinctly bilious." And so it was until a comparatively few years ago, but now, fortunately, we are prepared to meet the situation.

The first thing to be settled to clear the ground for our attack is, What are these germs? And where did they come from? The first gleam of consolation comes from the fact that only a very small percentage of them are disease germs; and of this small percentage a very small moiety comes from the cow. So that in ninety cases out of a hundred we do not have to sterilize the cow, but only the milk. It was at one time thought, and is still popularly believed, that the principal danger in milk consists in the infectious diseases conveyed by, or carried in it. But these are now known to form less than ten per cent. of its dangers. *Ninety per cent. of the injurious effects of milk are due to the germs contained in plain, common dirt*, barnyard manure, from the sides of the cow, the hands of the milker, the dust of the stable and the barnyard. These germs, setting up putrefactive changes in the milk, continue these changes in the food canal of the child. This turns digestion and nutrition into a process of self-poisoning, the child dwindles and droops, and the first mild infection that happens to attack it carries it off. The danger of conveyance of tuberculosis and typhoid through milk, though very real, is small compared with the results of these filth contaminations.

The danger from tuberculosis is serious, though much less so than usually believed, and every precaution which has been suggested in the way of thorough inspection of cattle, and the test by the injection of tuberculin of all that show any suspicious sign of the disease to the eye of the skilled veterinarian, should be absolutely and inexorably insisted upon. Even were there no danger of the direct transmission of this deadly disease from cows to children through milk, the use for human food, and particularly as the sole diet of babies, of the milk of any animal suffering from a wasting and loathsome disease, attended by the formation of abscesses in various parts of the body, accompanied by high fever, and unfortunately running two-thirds of its course toward death before it checks, dries up, or even seriously interferes with the flow of milk, should not be tolerated for a moment. Even though it be true that the milk of the tuberculous cow does not contain tubercle bacilli unless the disease has involved the udder, such milk cannot possibly be regarded as in a normal or a healthy condition, and its use for food is as objectionable upon sanitary grounds as the idea of it is repulsive.

How to Save Millions of Dollars

ALL that is required is thorough and intelligent enforcement of systematic tuberculin tests, the destruction of infected animals, and the protection of healthy animals from infection, completely to stamp out this pest among cattle, a consummation which, from the monetary point of view alone, would be worth millions of dollars to the farmers and dairymen of this country, more than its carrying out could possibly cost. Tuberculosis in cattle must be exterminated, whether the bovine bacillus is ever transmitted to human beings or not. But there is little gained by overstating a case in order to carry conviction. Nor, in my judgment, is it either good policy or good morals to refuse to tell the whole truth to the public for

fear they may misunderstand it or slacken their zeal. As nearly as may be summed up in a few words, the situation is this:

First, that experts—both human and veterinary—are frankly disagreed as to whether bovine (cattle) tuberculosis is at all readily transmissible to human beings. Most experts who have carefully and impartially studied the question, with the exception of a few enthusiasts and special pleaders, are practically agreed that the number of cases in which it is *known* to have been transmitted is exceedingly small, so that it is doubtful whether it causes more than from half of one per cent. to two per cent. of all cases of human tuberculosis. That, as a source of danger in milk, it is small as contrasted with the risks from filth-bacteria and other germs introduced into milk by human agencies. Fully half of the strains of tubercle bacilli found in milk, butter and cream are now recognized as of human origin, from dust containing dried sputum, from flies, handling by infected individuals, or from infected rooms. There is, however, no disagreement between even those holding the most extreme views as to the non-infectiousness of cattle tuberculosis to human beings, and those who believe it freely communicable, as to the campaign against tuberculosis in cattle. No milk coming from an animal suffering from disease should be for a moment tolerated as human food, whether directly infectious or not. The consoling feature of the situation, on account of which I have here alluded to it, is that 90 per cent. of all the danger in milk comes from dirty and careless handling, and not from its source, the cow.

Tracking Down the Typhoid Germ

THE transmission of typhoid through milk is purely and solely of human origin. Not only does the cow never suffer from typhoid fever, so that it is impossible that germs should be present in either her blood or her milk, but, even if she should drink infected water or sewage, it is quite impossible for the germs to pass through her body and appear in the milk. This has been put to the most rigid experimental tests a score of times, not only with typhoid bacilli, but with a number of other infectious germs, which might by various possibilities get into the drink or food of the cow, and invariably with negative results.

The milk always remained absolutely germ-free.

But even if this point were in doubt, we have the further conclusive fact that every known instance of the transmission of typhoid through milk has been directly traced to its handling by a dairyman, or employee, who was suffering from the disease, or who had cases in his family which he was nursing, or from exposure to flies which had access to typhoid germs in the near neighborhood; or even from such infinitesimal pollution as the washing of the cans and milk utensils in water taken from an infected well or stream. The method now agreed upon, of keeping every possible contamination from human sources out of the milk, would absolutely prevent the transmission of typhoid, as well as all other diseases, except a small percentage of possible bovine tuberculosis.

The situation as to scarlet fever is practically identical. It was at one time regarded as possible that cattle suffered from a disease resembling scarlet fever, and germs resembling the group to which the organism of scarlet fever (which has not yet been positively identified) was believed to belong were isolated from the milk. But these findings were discovered to rest on errors and accidental contaminations, and it is now admitted that epidemics of scarlet fever traceable to milk are invariably due to infection of the milk from a case in the family of some one who has handled it. Boards of Health nowadays keep a most watchful eye on the occurrence of cases of typhoid, scarlet fever or diphtheria in the families of dairymen; and many of them require, as a condition of their permit to sell milk in the city or area controlled, that they shall file a certificate once a month from their family physician stating that he has examined the family and there is no contagious disease among them.

The danger, then, of the direct communication of infectious diseases is one that we are rapidly getting under control, and which, though real, is comparatively small, both as contrasted with the dangers from ordinary filth contamination, and with the total number of cases of the different diseases which actually occur.

This, then, leaves us free to concentrate our attention upon the single problem which will solve 90 per cent. of all our milk difficulties and abolish 90 per cent. of its dangers, and that is, simply *keeping dirt of every sort out of the milk from cow to consumer*. At first blush, when we consider the hundreds of different sources from which contamination can occur, and the millions upon millions of germs which lie in wait everywhere eager to plunge in and luxuriate in its fragrant coolness, this may seem like a Utopian dream, a mere counsel of perfection. On the contrary, it is perfectly feasible, has a broad and substantial basis in results already accomplished, and is not merely desirable from a hygienic point of view, but practical and remunerative from a financial one as well. Dirt will soon come to be as unfashionable and as infrequent in the cowshed and in the dairy as it now is upon our faces and our table linen. When we recall that the earlier bacteriologic examinations of ordinary commercial milk taken from cans in the delivery wagon of the milkman or in the stores showed from half a million to a million and a half of bacteria to the cubic centimetre—that is, from two million to six million to the teaspoonful—it can hardly be wondered that even sanitary enthusiasts were disposed to throw up hands of horror and dismay at the thought of even reducing their numbers to any appreciable degree, let alone preventing their occurrence. The caution with which they went at it in the first place strikes us now as positively amusing. It is a little on the order of the first temperance societies formed in New England. The members of these signed a pledge and registered a solemn oath to the effect that they would *not get drunk more than four times a year*, namely, Christmas Day, Sheep-shearing, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving.

Similarly, our earliest milk reformers declared that all milk which showed more than half a million bacteria to the cubic centimetre should be regarded as dirty and unfit for human food. A few years later there arose a health officer of greater hardihood than usual, in Rochester, New York, who took a further step in advance, by declaring that within his jurisdiction no milk that contained more than one hundred thousand bacteria to the cubic centimetre should be regarded as "germ-free" and fit for human consumption. This has been known since as the "Rochester standard," and is the one which is now usually applied in our large cities.

But, of course, we could not long be content here; and realizing that the greatest danger and menace of milk was to young children, organizations of physicians and sanitarians formed themselves in different parts of the country for the purpose of inducing some dairyman to conduct his dairy in such a model manner as to produce a milk of unusual purity, for the use of nursing children, which they then agreed to use in their families and to recommend and prescribe for their patients. The cattle of the dairymen were to be inspected by competent veterinarians and tested with tuberculin; buildings were to be constructed in a special manner and kept in a given state of cleanliness, the dairies to be inspected at least once a month, and as often as the inspector or inspecting committee felt disposed to do so, without previous warning. In return for this, a certificate was issued to him, a copy of which could be pasted on each bottle of milk, stating that this milk had been produced under conditions favorable for purity, and was of a certain standard of wholesomeness. This came to be known as the "certified milk" plan, and is in extensive operation in all parts of the United States and of England. It works admirably, but, of course, in the nature of it, has never yet been applied to more than a comparatively small percentage of the total amount of milk produced. In order to check up the results of this cleanliness, regular bacteriological examinations of milk were made, and it was very soon found that the Rochester Standard, of a hundred thousand bacteria to the cubic centimetre, was far too low. This was rapidly raised, until ten thousand is now the maximum number of bacteria whose presence can be tolerated in milk for infants; and this will probably be reduced (and in some cases has already been reduced) to five thousand or even to one thousand.

In short, these methods, which are nothing more than simply strict, scrupulous cleanliness in the handling of the cows and of the milk, have reduced a population of over a *million* bacteria to the cubic centimetre to a *thousand!* And indeed, in many instances (as was the case in a certified dairy of this sort in the establishment of which I had the honor of being concerned) counts would show as low as *250* and *350* bacteria instead of a million. Really dirty milk, by the way, will contain as high as four or even five million per cubic centimetre, while strictly clean milk will have as low as one hundred, or even fifty. It is therefore idle to say that milk cannot be delivered practically absolutely clean. It not only can be, but is, being so delivered in hundreds of dairies all over the country.

What is the method which has produced these magic results? Nothing miraculous, nothing wonderful or unusual in any way. Simply, Buffon's definition of genius, "An infinite capacity for taking pains." The cattle are first inspected by a veterinarian, and generally tested with tuberculin as a matter of routine, although in some cases this is applied only to animals whose condition may appear to his eye suspicious. Then the sheds in which they are to be milked are made with tight walls, with a good washable floor, usually either tarred or cemented and open to the roof or with a tight floor overhead, so as to prevent the accumulation of dust in the loft and its sifting down into the milk or upon the coats of the cows.

The Secret of Sweet Milk

WALLS and ceiling are usually whitewashed, or else oiled and varnished and washed down with a hose twice daily after each milking time, as the floor always is. About half an hour before milking the cattle are gone over with a currycomb and brush, and if there be any wet manure upon their legs or flanks this is washed off with a hose. This is to prevent dust, dirt or bacteria falling from the coat and skin of the animal into the milk. Then, a few minutes before the milking begins, a man goes down the line with a pail of water and a damp cloth, wipes the udders and quickly moistens the hair of the flank on the side on which the milker sits. It is, of course, a necessity that all manure should be removed from the neighborhood of the barn at least once a week, and preferably daily, and that the cattle should not be allowed to stand or run in any yard in which there is mud or bogs of liquid manure, or filth of any description, which they can get upon their legs or sides. The milkers then wash their hands thoroughly in the small room provided for the purpose, don clean white duck or cotton suits and a cap to match (which are kept in a dust-tight closet), and proceed to milk. As soon as the pail is filled it is promptly carried into a milk-room which is kept scrupulously clean and free from dust, and poured through a cooler, which lowers its temperature to about 55 degrees, to check the development of stray germs. From this it is run into larger cans, which have been thoroughly cleaned and sterilized, and is tightly closed in and stored away in a cool place until it can be shipped to market or drawn directly into bottles, which are then hermetically sealed and placed in a cool place.

And what is the result? Milk handled like this will keep sweet at a reasonable temperature (below 55 degrees), not for days, but for weeks. Exhibition bottles of it have actually been shipped across the Atlantic and back again, and have been perfectly sweet at the end of the trip. Milk, like any other food, has no inherent tendency to sour, decay or spoil. Such changes are all caused by the "bugs" that get into it. The old problem of spontaneous generation has again been tested and decided in the negative. Up to some two or three hundred years ago the basis for the classic belief that worms bred of themselves, naturally in slime, was the fact that maggots would appear in meat when exposed to the air.

One day, about three hundred years ago, it occurred to a hard-headed embryo scientist to try the effect of covering the meat with close-woven wire netting. Result, no maggots. And this experiment, infantile in its simplicity as it appears to us, was the death-knell of the famous error of spontaneous generation. Pasteur's superb work on this problem was the basis of our whole magnificent system of antisepsis and asepsis, upon which modern surgery absolutely rests, and this is now being applied to the prevention of disease-producing changes in our foods. We are coming more and more to believe that, when a

(Concluded on Page 32)

NUMBER 9009

Ahead Rode a Keen-Eyed Man

XIV

By James Hopper and Fred. R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

PICKING up his rifle, 9009 made for the wall. There were two guards upon it at the point which he chose, holding their rifles in both hands, like hunters waiting for a flock of quail to rise, and they fell to the double crack of his rifle ere they could pull a trigger. One dropped inside the yard, the other hung, quivering, on the edge of the wall. Unwinding the rope around his waist, 9009 threw the grappling-iron across the rail of the guards' walk, and, hurling his rifle ahead of him, climbed swiftly up like an ape. He paused for the flicker of an instant, there on the top, the inside of the prison like a diagram beneath him, the guard, now still, at his feet; then, disdainful of the rope, sprang down. He lit, huddled, by his rifle, seized it, and then, hunchbacked, ran for the hill. Shots sounded as he climbed, bullets whined by him, but he reached the summit, dived over it, and scrambled into the broad road at the point whence, years before, his coupled wrist raised by the garroter's pointing hand, he had had first sight of the prison's turreted walls. No. 9009 stopped and looked.

It was near winter, but the drought of the lingering fall had left the land arid, and the rounded hill was tawny against the sky as it had been that day. The prison had changed. A consternation brooded on its battlemented façades; within, men were running to and fro, criss-crossing, aimlessly; and from the guards' wall, near a turret, three trusties were lowering a limp, blue form. Behind and above, like a red eye crooked in its orbit, the dead sun looked. Throwing both hands up into the air and brandishing his rifle, John Collins let out a shrill whoop of defiance and hate; then, turning, plunged on down the hill.

To the south, gray beneath a gray sky, lay the bay, whipped up into sudden bursts of livid fury by cold squalls. Collins kept it to his left and made for the edge of the chaparral lining a patch of forest to the west. If he could gain this the immediate pursuit would end, and there would be an interval of rest before the systematic man-hunt would begin. He ran across the hills, crackling dry with the drought, a strange, red-striped animal whose eyes flashed, who bent and ducked and crouched and sought hollows. Once only did he stop: this to the drumming approach of a guard who had been able to obtain a horse. From the top of a knoll where he lay flat, Collins shot down the guard, then went on, leaving the well-trained horse standing, with long bridle dropped to the ground, by his rider's reclining form. The halt had given him a glimpse of other blue-clad guards scattered over the land to the rear; he threw himself on with fresh impetus, and it was gasping, with veins swollen, that he reached the fringe of the chaparral just as the sun, definitively breaking through the veil of morning vapors, began to pour its yellow heat pitilessly upon the yellow land.

He went on straight till among the pines, then turned to the right toward the north. The city, which was his goal, lay to the south; yet till noon, for ten miles, he traveled straight north. During that time he showed himself only three times.

The first time was at a farmhouse—a small, weather-beaten house in the centre of a clearing, to which he came just after the breakfast hour. A clatter of dishes, the song of a woman's voice, met him as he approached. He stood in the doorway, red-barred, sullen-jawed, the rifle in hand, and the song died in a high quaver.

"Gimme food!" he growled; "quick!"

The woman stared at him, white-faced, the dish that she had been wiping tight up against her breast. He scowled; the dish fell to the floor in twenty fragments.

"Quick!"

Without a word she turned to the pantry.

"Don't squeak," he said; "or I'll cut your head off."

She placed the food before him on the table—bread, meat, potatoes, milk, a pot of lukewarm coffee. He gulped it down like a dog, watching all the time the woman through narrowed lids. Once, at some noise in the yard, he took up his rifle and glided a-tiptoe to the window. He stood there a moment, peering out; meanwhile the woman took hold of the table with both hands, leaning forward heavily, her eyes closed; but as he turned and went back to the food she stood up again, very stiff.

When he had done eating he crammed under his jacket the meat and bread that remained, strode out, and vanished in the woods.

An hour later he heard the sound of an axe. He crept toward it through the undergrowth and saw a wood-chopper working over a fallen log. The man's shirt was open on his chest; his face was red and shiny, and at each stroke he uttered a sound between a grunt and a shout. "Huh-huh-huh," he said as he chopped. Collins rose before him as the axe rose—and the wood-chopper became a statue poised with axe high in air.

"Put down that axe!" Collins growled.

The chopper dropped the axe.

"Now, take off your clothes," said Collins. The chopper began to strip. But when he had pulled off his shirt an abrupt change came over him. "Say, what's the matter with you, eh? What's the matter with you?" he shouted

His face was aflame, his eyes glistened; he doubled up his fists. Instantly the fists loosened and sprang high over his head as with a smart tap the muzzle of Collins' rifle settled against his stomach. "Oh, all right, all right," he said in a subdued tone—"all right, all right; don't shoot." Then slowly, as if in an aside directed to the trees: "For God's sake!"

A moment later Collins crashed out through the brush clad in the garments of a working-man, leaving the wood-chopper in the clearing, naked before a striped huddle at which he gazed with indecision and disgust

These short apparitions, Collins found, had been sufficient to his plan. The chase was pressing up northward. Once, throwing himself into the ditch beside the county road, he let pass two blue-clad guards on horseback, going swiftly, bent forward in their saddles. Later, from a knoll, he saw a whole sheriff's posse trot by, shining with newly-distributed badges, clattering with weapons—sawed-off shotguns, repeating rifles, six-shooters. The bead of his gun was upon the little band, playfully springing from one to the other, but he did not shoot.

He came upon them again at noon, in a little town consisting of a general merchandise store, a saloon, a post-office and a huddle of cottages. They were gathered in a picturesque group on the high wooden sidewalk in front of the saloon, tilted back on rawhide chairs, or standing about with clanging spurs, their rifles against the wall, their horses tied to the rack in the street, a circle of admiring urchins about them. The leader, a big, jovial man, was speaking vociferously amid a popping of small boastful interruptions, when Collins, gun in hand, chin thrust forward, walked in down the middle of the main street. A small boy, with a shout, raised his arm, pointing; the men sprang to their feet.

And then, right from the hip, Collins' rifle cracked; the big, jovial man pitched forward on his face. The rifle leaped to Collins' shoulder, and, with his right arm suddenly limp, another man of the group staggered into the saloon. Behind him the rest of the posse jammed, fighting to get in. Only one made for the rifles stacked against the wall, and Collins toppled him over just as his hand was upon the nearest. Running low, Collins made for the horses. He untied them, scattered them, all but one, with a fusillade from his revolver, sprang upon the one he held, and galloped out of

"Put Down that Axe!"

the town—still going north. Two miles away he led the horse down the bed of a brook into a ravine, tied him to a tree, and then, afoot, doubled back toward the south, toward the city, his goal, at last.

He traveled the rest of the day as few men have ever traveled—running, leaping, walking swiftly, always silent, always flitting forward without rest. Only twice did he stop, to watch from some hiding-place, along the barrel of his rifle, posses going by; one was led by the sheriff who, six years before, had taken him to the prison, a grizzly fellow with a long mustache, and wearing a sombrero; both times the posses were going northward, so that he had to master his desire to kill. Dusk came, and he pressed on, reeking with sweat but unweary, the monstrous glare-dome of the city ahead. Finally the glow resolved itself into details, and he trotted in between two rows of street-lamps.

Almost immediately he came upon a policeman. The man, a big, burly hulk, was walking slowly, twirling his stick, his helmet tilted back. Collins dropped into a blind alley.

"Here, come out of there, you," growled the policeman, half jocosely; "come out, come on, I want to see you!"

Collins stepped out and, without raising his arm, shot him. The policeman sat down with an astonished expression, coughed, and lay back on the sidewalk. Collins went on at a rapid, silent walk to the next street, and, turning, ran. To his ear came the shrill, affrighted cry of a police whistle. From the right another came; from the left. He ran smoothly and carefully, his ears taut to the rasping whistles, his eyes piercing the shadows ahead.

A milk-wagon rattled across his way as he came to a corner. He sprang toward it; the muzzle of his rifle touched the driver. The man drew in, and Collins leaped up by his side. They rattled noisily down the deserted streets wanly lit up by rare gas-lamps. The whistlings dwindled, ceased. Several times they passed policemen, frozen figures upon their beats. Collins' rifle lay beneath the seat, but the muzzle of his revolver, all the time, was against the ribs of the driver, who handled the reins to Collins' fierce whispers. They went a tortuous way through a district of fine residences where the close lights gleamed upon broad asphalt avenues; then the houses on both sides began to diminish in size and splendor. He left the wagon and went on at a walk.

The houses became smaller and humbler; he went by the shadowy walls of a gas-tank, crossed a network of railway tracks, entered a narrow street lined with dingy cottages, and turned a corner. It was years since he had come this way, and then he had had a guide; but he had not forgotten a detail of the street. He went on without hesitation and knocked at the door of a small cottage, newly painted red. There was a long silence, then a stir, and the door opened. Tom Ryan faced him—Tom Ryan, the friend of his boyhood, with whom he had eaten shortly before his last arrest, the hod-carrier whose security, then, he had envied.

Tom Ryan's face was very white, and his face was no welcome. He stood at the door and stared, with eyes that showed fear, at the man he had known in boyhood. Suddenly a gulp came in his throat. "You're not John Collins, John, are you?" he asked. "You're not John Collins, are you, John?"

Collins caught the look, the fear, the shocked surprise. "Yes, it's me," he said, anger flaming through him. "What sort of a hand-out is this you're giving me? Do I get in?"

And roughly he pushed within. The door closed behind them; they were in the narrow hallway which smelled of must and cookery. "I didn't think you'd look like this—not like this!" muttered Ryan. Through the jar of the door at the bottom of the hall, with the stifling odor of a room at once kitchen and nursery, came a streak of yellow lamplight. In the faint glow the two men looked at each other, the hod-carrier with shoulders white with plaster and face white with emotion, the murderer with bloodshot eyes and corroded brow, his mouth like a straight white scar. Ryan was trembling. "Man," he said, "what have you been doing? I never looked for anything like this when I told Nell that I'd help ye!"

John Collins was silent for a moment; with a certain astonishment he saw the horror in the other's face. A scowl deepened his brows.

"Done!" he muttered. "Done—that's nothing to what I'll be doin' to ye if ye don't shut up that jaw of yours. Is that all ye've to say to me"— his voice rose—"is that all, eh? And Nell, where's Nell?"

A stir came from the room at the bottom of the hallway, then the thin wail of a baby. Ryan raised his hand.

"Sh-sh-sh," he hissed, and made a warning gesture. "Sh-sh-sh; the old woman, she don't know. I done it for you—was willing you meet here. But I didn't know you'd do that, not *that*. And the papers full of it—I don't know—God help me!" he ended with a groan.

"Where's Nell?" said Collins, and he shook Ryan by the shoulders. "Where's Nell—quick; where's Nell?"

"She was to be here—let go, man, let go my shoulder—she's not come. Wish she had—I never knew 'twould come to this—be still—don't go in there, not in there!"

But he brushed him aside and strode into the kitchen. Mrs. Ryan was bending over the cradle—the same cradle where she had bent years before, and it was in the same corner, and from it came the cry of her last born.

There was No Shout, No Cry, Not a Breath, Not a Sigh

Side by side, by the cradle, were three cots; upon the pillows of two were the grimy blond heads of two older children; but one child, the eldest, a girl, had fallen asleep in her chair; her head, pillowed on her arms, lay amid the unwashed dishes of the table, half-hidden by the large leaves of a newspaper sprawled loosely across.

"Sh-sh-sh, the babe, the babe," Mrs. Ryan was murmuring, holding up with her left hand a corner of a little blanket; and then, looking beneath her arm at the sound of entering feet, she caught sight of the sinister figure behind her. She whirled around, in one bound placed herself before the beds; her face lit up with a white ferocity, and she shot both clenched hands forward. Collins shrank from the gesture.

"Go away," she cried, "from this room. Get out of the sight of these children, you"—her breast swelled, then the words came slowly, drawn deep from her thick chest—"you murrdhering monster!"

Collins clenched his fist and scowled at Ryan, now come within the room. "Shut up that woman," he said.

Ryan went to his wife and placed his hand on her shoulder; but she stared straight ahead over his, at Collins, her breast heaving.

And on the table Collins saw the newspaper, an evening edition marked Extra in black, affrighted letters, and across the page, in great red letters, was his name, and in a frame the names of the men he had killed—five—and those he had wounded—three more.

"Ye murrdhering monster!" panted Mrs. Ryan, following the movement of his eyes.

From the porch outside there came a faint shuffling of feet. Collins crouched, his hand went to his waistband, the heavy black revolver flew out. "One more sound," he said—and his voice became low with steady menace—"and I'll blow off the heads of every wan of you."

One of the children raised up in her cot; she gazed round-eyed at the strange man above her, and began to cry. Without changing her position, Mrs. Ryan dropped her hand and twined a curl about her finger in soothing caress. The child was stilled.

Collins scowled at them—at the mother, standing there, one hand soothing, her whole body tense before her children, a defense, a barrier; at the man, red-faced, perplexed, horror-stricken yet pitying; at the child up in its cot, at the child sleeping with its head among the dishes on the table. Then, warning them once more in terrible and grotesque pantomime with his revolver, he stepped backward through the door, which immediately slammed shut upon the group, petrified in bronze attitudes.

Out in the hallway he wheeled and covered the outer door, which was opening. It shut again. A woman had come in. "Nell!" he whispered.

She was by his side, in the darkness, putting something in his hand. "Quick!" she said.

He opened the box and dropped the rifle cartridges loose into his pocket. She gave him another one.

"Quick!" she said again; "the place's going to be shadowed."

He grasped the thing that she gave him.

"All I could get," she whispered; "all I could get; two years' steal-in's."

It was a bundle of banknotes. To the touch an old forgotten feeling swept hot through him. "Who're you hanging up with?" he growled, his iron fingers sinking into her shoulder.

She was against him; in the semi-obscurity he could see her face, worn now; it was turned up to him wide-eyed.

"I couldn't do it alone, John," she said in a wondering tone; "*I* couldn't climb walls and plant guns; I couldn't do *that*, John."

He thrust her aside and started for the door. Her two hands half went out after him in an involuntary detaining gesture, but "Quick!" she whispered fiercely—"Quick! For the hills!"

The door swept open; he plunged down the steps as if into a black sea; his feet did not sound; there was immediate silence.

"He's gone," she said, there alone, in the still, dark hallway.

XV

THREE weeks later, limping along a road a hundred and fifty miles south of the city, John Collins stopped, listened intently with frowning brows, and then, climbing up a bank, crawled into the chaparral and instantly fell asleep.

In three weeks he had gone a hundred and fifty miles in a straight line, but he had traveled probably a thousand—running, trotting, doubling, dodging, ambushing, killing. His goal had been to the east; time and time again he had made a desperate dash for the Sierra, snow-capped in the distance, the Sierra, with its profundity of forest, its intimacy of valleys, its secrecy of meadows, with its running water, its game, its sheep-herders, half-mad with solitude; and each time he had been headed off and slid on farther down the coast. But this morning he had seen before him a hill-range coming high-peaked to the sea; this was now his goal. From the place where he slept the land fell off to the south in a broad valley, golden-hazed at the bottom with unleafed willows, then rose again in long, elastic jumps to a first crest, tumbled abruptly into a black cañon, and leaped up perpendicularly to a final summit dark with pines and promising of impenetrable recesses.

And behind him, to the north, men were hunting. For three weeks he had been pursued as a wild animal, with growing savagery of purpose, with increase of cunning, by greater numbers. The whole State, aroused, was buzzing about him like a beehive. Hundreds of men, armed as he was, clamored on his trail. Some had seen him: it was a sudden vision, instantaneous and flitting as the revelation of a photographer's flash-light—a grinning mask, a savage eye glinting along a rifle-barrel—and then men died, men with fingers upon triggers, before they could pull a trigger. The farmers in the fields worked with rifles in their hands, with pistols, with pitchforks; children armed with shot-guns watched in the kitchens while their mothers cooked; the officers of five counties at the head of posses tracked

(Continued on Page 30)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 22, 1908

What Will the Election Mean?

IN HIS letter of acceptance Mr. Taft outlines himself with admirable clearness. He evidently means a careful, businesslike administration which will not willingly disturb those values expressed in dollars. As to tariff, he means high protection, with the raising of some schedules as well as lowering of others. As to injunction, he stands firmly for the largest powers of the courts.

Mr. Taft is better than his platform, because he is honester. The chief quality of the letter is anxiety not to be misunderstood. This quality every right-thinking person will honor. Heretofore, he has stood, rather obscurely, in the shadow of Roosevelt; but, moving out to his own ground in this letter, he shows as an heir of McKinley rather than of the present incumbent.

In brief, we should say that the letter, which undoubtedly expresses the man, pictures a fairly ideal conservative candidate.

We suppose it is preferable that party names should convey meaning; connote some definable concept of government. Of late, they have lost this function. To know what any Republican or Democrat stands for you must ask the particular Republican or Democrat. Conservative and radical, on the other hand, are words of universal meaning, sufficiently indicating the base line upon which men divide politically. If Mr. Taft is a fairly ideal conservative candidate his election ought to mean a conservative country, or his defeat the reverse.

We can imagine no good reason why any conservative person in the North should refuse to vote for Mr. Taft. That there is, however—in his hearty indorsement of the platform's declaration concerning the negro—a very obvious and potent reason why conservative persons in the South will not vote for him, simply shows how little valuable, as interpretations of the larger phases of the national spirit, our Presidential elections really are.

Can There be a New Party?

SINCE the Civil War the population of the United States has much more than doubled; its wealth has increased nearly fivefold. In problems of government there has been a complete change of emphasis.

The Republican and Democratic parties have not developed definite lines of cleavage which correspond to this change; yet in only one Presidential election since the War have the Republican and Democratic tickets together failed to get over ninety-five per cent. of the popular vote.

The single failure occurred in 1892, when the People's party polled slightly over a million votes, or nearly nine per cent. of the whole. That was a real party, actually corresponding to the convictions of its members and expressing a political concept that was an immediate growth of current conditions. It was a radical party, also; yet its vote came mainly from those who had voted with the Republicans. It did not, however, have the vitality to face a losing fight; so it was merely a brief exception which proved the general rule that the American electorate, excepting an eccentric four or five per cent., feels bound to cheer in the big game whether it really likes it or not.

The idea is expressed in the popular warning, "Don't throw away your vote"—meaning, Give your vote to a candidate who has a chance to win instead of using it in a mere expression of conviction. To know what people are really thinking upon the broad current questions is, theoretically, somewhat important; at lowest it would be very interesting. So we have always wished for new parties, an intelligible alignment, an expressive ballot. Probably we shall continue to wish it for a long time.

Ebb of a Long Tide

THROUGH the hard times of '93-'96 we gained in population by the over-seas movement. In the six months to July 1 last we lost nearly two hundred thousand. Arrivals of immigrants amounted to 192,656 against 743,952 in the corresponding period of last year. Departures were 390,476 against 169,476 in 1907. In the preceding fiscal year arrivals exceeded departures by almost a round million; and the last six months presents, perhaps, the only considerable period since white men were firmly planted in this country when the flow of population was decidedly away from our shores.

No matter how transient the cause, so abrupt and extensive a change is worth considering. It must signify intelligence and communication. More than a quarter of the thirteen hundred thousand immigrants who came in during 1907 could neither read nor write; two-thirds were from Russia, Italy and Austria-Hungary. Yet they knew very promptly that there had been a panic in the United States, and what that involved for persons seeking work. It means greater mobility. Seven hundred thousand steerage passengers in the fiscal year, finding—or a majority of them finding—conditions not propitious here, went back to Europe.

Probably, this means that the advantages in the United States for the unfurnished man are not so decisive as they once were. There is no more free land. If he must take some lean years along with the fat, the advantage seems to strike him as dubious. Which, of course, we recommend to the consideration of those who believe that labor must be forty-two per cent. better off here than in Europe because we have a forty-two-per-cent. tariff.

The Peasant in Uniform and Without

THE Sublime Porte also has been considering that phenomenon which moves Tolstoy to horror and amazement—namely, ten poor peasants in uniform taking five peasants exactly like them, except for the uniform, out of their humble homes, and putting them to death because they dared question the beneficence of a government that abused all peasants.

The upshot of the Porte's consideration is a constitution for Turkey. That the Sultan has decreed constitutional government because he could no longer depend upon his army is taken for granted. Not only Europe but also Asia seems to be reaching that time, foreshadowed in Napoleon's famous prophecy, when no people can be denied some degree of self-government unless a part of them can be depended upon to shoot down the rest. The deep jealousy with which this country, from the beginning, has regarded a standing army has some foundation.

Question of the Turks' capacity for self-government now arises—with grave doubts in some cautious heads. The only test for a despotic government is whether it can induce uniformed peasants to slay their ununiformed fellows in a cause inimical to the real interests of both.

For many years before the Sultan's despotism failed in that one test it had signally failed in about all the tests that could be applied to a constitutional government. It could not preserve peace at home, and preserved peace abroad by licking every hand raised against it.

Poor indeed must be the capacity for self-government of a people who couldn't do as well as that. When you hear it said of any people among whom civilization has advanced that they are incapable of self-government, you will probably find that they couldn't possibly make a worse mess of government than their rulers have made.

Making the Book Business Pay

THE opinion among authors that publishers don't know how to publish is almost as common as the opinion among readers that editors don't know how to edit.

Probably, of the two, the authors' opinion is the better founded. For example, we find the publishers generally anxious to preserve the independent bookshop, when that shop is obviously the chief obstacle to the formation of a trust in fiction which might rival the dramatic trust in profits, and in discouraging young people from marking up good white paper. When any cub reporter, billing-clerk or undergraduate may bob up with a masterpiece, it is clearly quite impossible to control the making of literature. The dramatic trust does not attempt that. It controls merely the marketing.

Following its successful example, publishers that were up to the best business practice would select, in every city, several shops to sell books under their control. Any shop that sold a book not published by a member of the trust would be cut off the list and put out of business; any author who offered a book in a non-trust shop would be cut off the list also.

The test for a novel would be as simple, uniform and businesslike as the test for a play now is—namely, whether in the judgment of the publisher it was pretty sure to bring in fifty thousand dollars net profit. Any cub reporter who bobbed up with a novel that seemed unlikely to meet that reasonable condition could take it out in bobbing. One result, of course, would be a quite meagre expression of national life in fiction. But that, obviously, has nothing to do with business.

Another War Fiction

WE OWE some thanks to President Castro of Venezuela. In expelling the Dutch Minister he did not, it seems, resort to personal violence.

Suppose he had been less regardful of correct social usage and less thoughtful of the feelings of the United States. Suppose—since there is a sort of rage for martial imaginings nowadays—he had seized Queen Wilhelmina's official representative by the nape of the neck, rushed him to the front porch, and kicked him off. The honor of the Netherlands would have required instant and condign retribution. Hotville, or whatever the seaport of Venezuela happens to be called, would have been bombarded; marines landed; the native army put to rout; the President, perhaps, locked up in the town calaboose.

Then it would have become our melancholy duty, in defense of national honor and the Monroe Doctrine, to declare war on the Dutch; or to drive them out of Hotville and let them declare war on us; which, of course, would bring in Germany on the west, Japan on the east and England from all sides.

This is far less fanciful than most military fiction, and may, perhaps, therefore, be dismissed with contempt. But it will be rather a wonder if President Castro doesn't finally discover some one to knock the chip off his shoulder. No matter what the provocation, we should have to step into the quarrel—or else take the momentous step of renouncing formally a declaration of eighty-five years ago.

The actual interest of the people of the United States in the destiny of Venezuela is as two and a half are to fifteen thousand. That is the ratio which the population of Venezuela bears to the population of the earth outside of the United States. Switzerland, Sweden and New Zealand are far nearer and more important to us in every essential dimension.

Discouraging Thrift

"AN ACT to discourage thrift" is the description sometimes applied to the old-age pension bill which recently passed the House of Commons.

We wonder whether the description is true. Both great parties gave support to the bill; and the vote in favor of it was almost unanimous. This must mean that, according to the common judgment of Englishmen, a great many worthy persons, male and female, are finding themselves, at the age of seventy, without means of support.

Which is likeliest to discourage thrift—this pension scheme, or a condition under which common laborers, male and female, work to the age of threescore and ten and then have no resource but the poorhouse? That seems to us so nice a question in relative discouragements that only the shallow will attempt to answer it offhand.

We trust never to see an old-age pension bill in this country. We hope better wages for workpeople of small skill, further suppression of child labor that prevents education, better housings for the poor, employers' liability for accidents, and cheaper industrial insurance will make such a bill out of the question.

Where There was Confidence

MANY wheels and hands were idle during the first half of the year. Confidence had received a shock; men would not trade upon the uncertain future as they must if they are to trade at all; capital would not adventure. Yet the market value of railroad and industrial stocks listed on the Exchange advanced two thousand million dollars.

Evidently, then, there was confidence there; a great many men of wealth traded upon the uncertain future; a great many millions of capital adventured in the speculative purchases which brought about that big advance.

They say this advance in stocks must always come first; that confidence must always fill up the pool of the stock market before it can flow over and fructify the land; that, to put it concretely, some thirty million shares of Union Pacific and Southern Pacific and Steel must be traded in, with an advance of four hundred millions in market value—based on confidence in renewed industrial activity—before the two railroads can place orders for materials which will make increased industrial activity.

That argument never looked convincing to us. Probably, droughty persons on the other side will wonder why they don't fill up the pool with dirt and let fructifying confidence flow directly upon the land.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Water Cure

THOSE Prohibitionists have a sense of the fitness of things. They nominated for President a man who lived most of his life at Waukesha, and Waukesha, you know, is up where the spring water flows.

Moreover, instead of involuting and convoluting through several acres of language in preparing a platform on which it was hoped everybody could stand, even if nobody but the proofreaders read it, like the old parties, so lately in convention assembled, the Prohibitionists put out a platform in about three hundred and fifty words, containing all their issues, including a vicious right hook at the Demon Rum. Apparently, it never occurred to the Prohibitionists to use a column of nonpareil in stating they think the tariff should be revised. They do not understand the skillful befogging of issues as practiced by those eminent platform makers, T. Roosevelt and B. Bryan. When they come to the tariff they say: "We favor a revision of the tariff," and let it go at that, which is amateurish, but very restful.

Still, the tariff, and guaranteed bank deposits, and child labor, and all those burning issues which were so badly wet-blanketed in the old party platforms that they smouldered, instead of blazing, are of not much concern to the Prohibitionists. They are out gunning for Old John Barleycorn. After they get him they will see what can be done with the Chinese Wall and other excess baggage the old parties now carry or protest against.

When the Prohibitionists go into convention they go to whoop things up. For many years they have been longer on enthusiasm and shorter on votes than almost any other political organization. This year, owing to the tremendous sweep of anti-liquor legislation across the country, they were all chirked up and predicted they will have a million votes. The underlying principle of a Prohibition convention may be dry, but Prohibition conventions are far from that. They are the liveliest gatherings of the kind the country sees during the quadrennial spree when we name the men who have been named for us in advance with a simulated enthusiasm well calculated to deceive the most superficial observer, on the theory that the manufactured cheer is as good as the spontaneous one, provided it lasts long enough.

Nearly every delegation brings a quartette, and some delegations bring double quartettes and choruses. When they move the previous question they do it in a merry roundelay, and a motion to adjourn is always sung to the tune of "Give Us Pure Cold Water!" They introduce each speaker with a song and cheer him with a chorus. If the Demon Rum was not notorious for being tone-deaf he would have been out of business long ago.

The Genial Gene as a Chafer

THEY brought their singing organizations with them to Columbus this year and sang themselves ecstatically through two days of convention. When they finished they had nominated Eugene W. Chafin, of Chicago, for President, nominated him because they liked a speech he had made, and started him on his way toward November third with a grand antiphonal chorus: "Tight are the bonds that bind this land to the Demon Rum, but we'll chafe them a bit with Genial Gene, and that is Chafin some."

You see, Mr. Chafin is known as Genial Gene. He is a kindly, smiling man, with the regular William-Alden-Smith brand of the warm and lingering handclasp. All the Prohibitionists know him and all like him. He has been active in the politics of the party since 1881. He didn't expect to be nominated for President. Indeed, he was running on the primary ticket in Illinois as a candidate for the Prohibition nomination for Governor of that State, but there was no long-distance boss of this convention, and the Prohibitionists decided they needed Chafin and grabbed him.

Chafin was born in Wisconsin, and after he had secured a degree at the University of Wisconsin he moved to Waukesha, where the water comes from. He was a Republican until 1881. Then he became a Prohibitionist, and a good one. Whenever the Prohibitionists wanted a candidate for any office, no matter whether the prospects were gloomy or not—and they generally were gloomy—he was on the spot. He ran for Governor, for Congress, for Attorney-General, and for anything else that came his way. He was usually a delegate to the State and national conventions, and was always ready to stump the country for his candidates. After he moved to Chicago, in 1901, the Chicago and Illinois Prohibitionists drafted him many times. He ran for Congress there, for Circuit Judge and for Attorney-General. Indeed, Mr. Chafin has probably been nominated as many times for office as any man in the West, and each time he came up smiling after his defeat and went to work for his cause with renewed energy.

He Comes from the Land Where the Spring Water Flows

He went to Columbus as a delegate from Illinois. He had no designs on the convention. He was content to lead the forlorn hope in Illinois and to go out and spellbind for whatever candidate was selected. During the convention he made a speech. It was a corking speech, made by a man of long experience on the stump and in full accord with the underlying principle of his party. He stood up and advocated the middle of the road. He said the only way to be a Prohibitionist is to be a Prohibitionist, and he scorned any such subterfuges as local option. He hammered that into his audience until they were jumping up and down and shouting "Amen" after every sentence.

The leading candidate for the nomination was Dr. William B. Palmore, of St. Louis, who had a battle-cry reading: "Palmore, Prohibition, Peace and Prosperity against Teddy, Taft, Toddy and Trouble, or Bryan, Buncombe, Booze and Bedlam." That battle-cry made a hit with the convention, but it wasn't enough. They had Chafin's speech in their minds when they began balloting, and on the third ballot Genial Gene was selected.

They carried him to the platform, and he said he would rather have the nomination he had just received than to be elected President on either of the other tickets, which seems to be about the last word when it comes to fealty to a cause. Still, that is why the Prohibitionists nominated him.

Chafin has all the attributes of the real, old-fashioned Presidential candidate. He was born on a farm near Mukwonago, Wisconsin, and when he was attending the University of Wisconsin he worked on a farm near Madison by the month to get money to pay his expenses, coming in to recitations and hurrying back to feed the stock and do the chores in the afternoon. He graduated in 1875, but did not get actively into temperance work until six years later, when he had a series of joint debates on the liquor question with another Waukesha attorney and decided to quit the Republican party and join the Prohibitionists. He was very active in the Epworth League and in the Good Templars. When he went to Chicago it was to take charge of the Washington Home for Inebriates, and after three years of that work he resumed the practice of the law in that city. He is a student of the life of Lincoln, and recently published a volume: Lincoln, the Man of Sorrows.

Bearding Bryan in His Stained-Glass Den

GENIAL GENE they call him in Wisconsin, and especially at Waukesha, where they know him best. They say he is always ready to go into oratorical battle for his principles, but that he always fights with a smile—the facial kind, of course. Thinking they are coming into their own the Prohibitionists are planning to send Chafin all over the country in this campaign. The first place they put him was Lincoln, Nebraska, where he bearded Mr. Bryan in his stained-glass den. That was interesting, if not conclusive, even though Mr. Bryan has no beard to be bearded by, for Bryan is a Prohibitionist by practice if not by party. Genial Gene bearded him, all right. He is good for six speeches a day from now, and he has the nerve to beard any other person whom he thinks needs it.

He will do it with a smile, though, and that will help some. The only time he doesn't smile is when he says he will get a million votes. Others do the smiling then.

But—perhaps—maybe—you know what has happened along the line of Prohibition during the past year.

The Worst of All Diseases

"DOWN in our country," said Judge Sam Cowan, of Texas, "we had a case in one of the minor courts where a lawyer was trying to collect a bill he claimed was owed to the late husband of his client.

"'He didn't pay no money to the diseased,' said the lawyer. 'He didn't get the money, the diseased didn't. He didn't receive one cent, the diseased didn't.'

"'Diseased?' inquired the judge. 'What was this person you are speaking about diseased of?'

"'May it please your honor,' said the lawyer, 'he was diseased of death.'"

Bottled-Up Boomers

W. G. CONRAD, of Montana, was one of the one hundred and fourteen Vice-Presidential candidates at Denver. Mr. Conrad is a large and imposing gentleman, with a heavy mustache, a deep bass voice, a fine faith in his political prospects, and a wad of money a giraffe couldn't see over. He brought a bunch of boomers with him to Denver. On the day when the Vice-President was to be nominated a friend of Conrad's saw the boomers standing disconsolately in the Brown Palace Hotel.

"Where's Conrad?" he asked.

"Up in his room."

"Aren't you going to the convention? As supporters of a prominent candidate for Vice-President you should be there. Why don't you go?"

"Well, the fact is," replied one of the boomers, "we would like to go, but Conrad hasn't been able to get us any admission tickets yet."

The Hostess' Happy Thought

BRAND WHITLOCK, author and mayor of Toledo, was at his home one night when a lady he did not know was shown in.

"Mr. Whitlock?" she inquired.

"Yes, madam; what can I do for you?"

"Why—you see—I thought—I wanted to ask you, Mr. Whitlock, if you would be good enough to give me a copy of your latest book."

"Give you a copy of my latest book? Why, cannot you get one at the book-store?"

"I suppose so, but I didn't try. I thought you wouldn't mind giving me one with a nice inscription in it. They don't cost you anything, you know, and I hate to pay a dollar and a half for one."

Stunned, Whitlock gasped: "And what do you intend to do with the book if I give it to you?"

"Why," replied the lady vivaciously, "I want to use it for a prize at my bridge whist party to-night."

The Hall of Fame

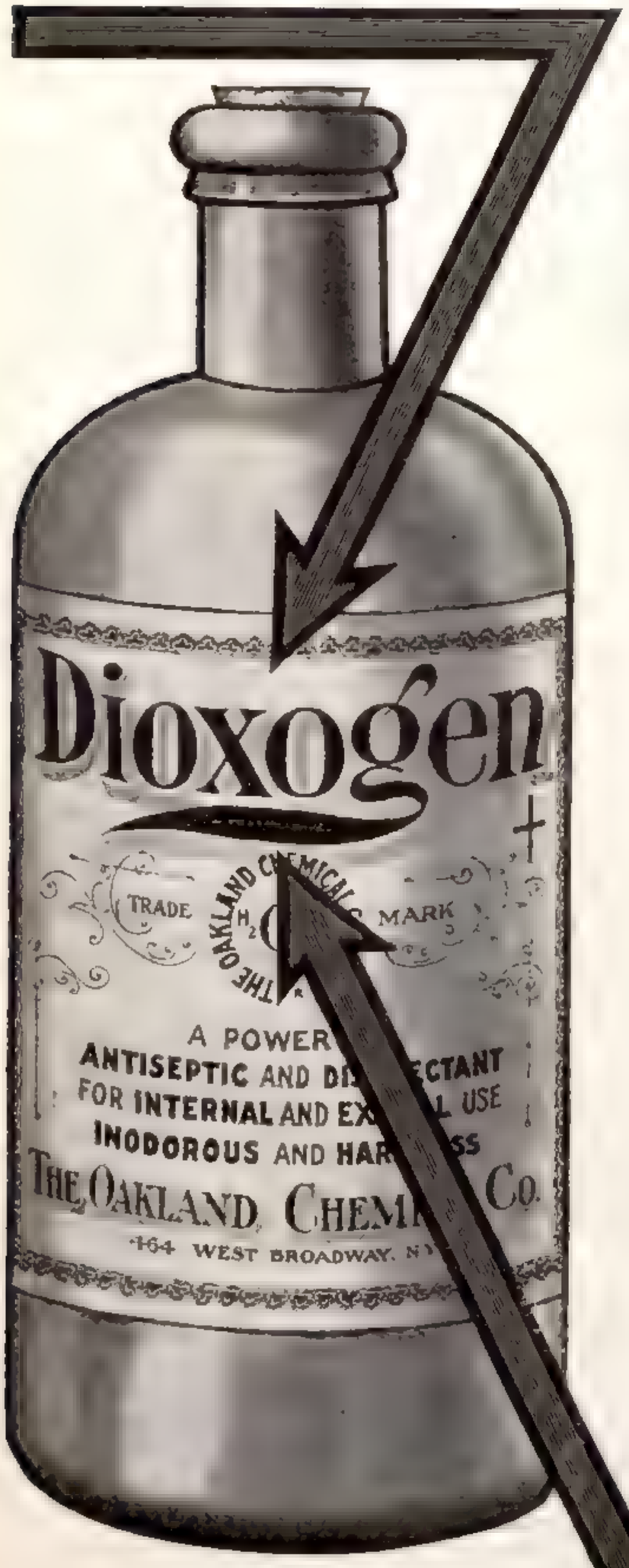
¶ It is hinted in rival show circles that some of Buffalo Bill Cody's flowing locks are switch.

¶ D. S. Carvalho, general manager of the Hearst newspapers, it is said, knows more about all kinds of printing machinery than the men who make it.

¶ Arthur Brisbane, the editorial writer for the Hearst papers, is prosperous. He recently bought two one-hundred-thousand-dollar houses in New York. Park Row has it that Mr. Brisbane gets more salary than any other newspaper editor in the United States.

¶ Major Richard Sylvester, chief of the Metropolitan Police of Washington, District of Columbia, and President of the Association of Police Superintendents, is a great bird-lover. In the winter he has his mounted men who patrol the suburbs of Washington take out with them bags of corn and wheat, which he furnishes, to scatter on the snow for the quail and sparrows and other birds that winter in the District.

The Cleanliness Wh



THE United States Government spent six million dollars to clean up the Panama Canal Zone.

The Canal Zone, 10 miles wide, stretching across the Isthmus, is now as healthy as any similar strip in any part of the United States.

Havana dirty was the pest spot of the Western Hemisphere; Havana clean is one of the healthiest cities in the world.

The great inventions and achievements of modern times are secondary in importance when compared with the advance in the knowledge of the laws governing health.

The French failed in Panama because conditions were unfit for civilized life. Health failed, life failed and the Canal failed. The secret of health is cleanliness—cleanliness of body and cleanliness of surroundings.

Statistics of great wars of the past 200 years show that for each man killed in battle, five men died from sickness or disease.

In the Russian-Japanese war the record of the Japanese army was four killed in battle to one by disease. In no great war, ancient or modern, was sanitary and hygienic cleanliness practiced as by the Japanese. The battle losses on either side were not materially different; the saving of life on the Japanese side was off the battle field through hygienic cleanliness.

Wherever authority exists and is exerted for the enforcement of sanitary and hygienic laws on a large scale, the most astonishing statistics are obtained; but, astounding and impressive as these are, they cannot be compared with the results that would follow the intelligent application in the home and in the family of those simple measures which science and experience have proven to be effective and sound in preventing sickness and maintaining prophylactic cleanliness.

Prevention is better than cure. The practice of hygienic, prophylactic cleanliness protects against disease and prevents the development of minor causes into serious effects.

The standard of a nation's physical and moral life is determined by its standard of prophylactic and hygienic cleanliness.

The Many Uses of Dioxogen in

As a Mouth and Throat Cleanser, Dioxogen bubbles between the t folds of the cheeks and throat and wherever substances in which germs thrive c fects and mechanically removes the putrefactive substances. Its taste is neutr

As a Cleanser of Cuts, Wounds, Sores, Burns, and all minor inju tive matter (pus, decaying tissues, etc.), in which germs exist. Furthermo remains to irritate or prevent quick natural healing.

As a Cleanser of Skin Pores, Dioxogen disinfects and removes from the other complexion disfigurements. *After Shaving* Dioxogen cleanses the cuts an dition, free from smarting and irritations. Used in this way it is a preventive

As a Deodorant, Dioxogen stops bodily odors quickly by bubbling its wa are producing the odors. ***Write for very Interesting PAMPHLET, mai***

THE OAKLAND CHEMICA

ich Prevents Disease

DIOXOGEN is a rational prophylactic cleanser. It contains only one active ingredient—oxygen—the recognized actual life-supporting, decay resisting cleansing force of the Universe; oxygen in appreciable and definite quantities that can be collected, weighed and measured; oxygen that is perceptible to the senses, whose activities can be seen and felt; oxygen that bubbles and foams when brought in contact with the products of decay.

Dioxogen is as effective an antiseptic disinfectant and germicide as Bichloride of Mercury, 1 to 1000, but it is harmless.

Because of its harmlessness and because its effectiveness is due solely to Oxygen, it is available for all human purposes.

In the mouth it bubbles and foams as it cleanses. On a sore it bubbles and foams as it cleanses; on a burn it bubbles and foams as it cleanses. On mucous membrane affected by discharges or inflammation, it bubbles and foams as it cleanses.

In all cases it is the Oxygen which is working, producing hygienic prophylactic cleanliness.

Dioxogen has been used by professional men for over 16 years. It has stood the test of rigid investigation and the grilling test of time.

Prophylactic hygienic cleanliness is very different from ordinary soap and water cleanliness. The surgeon knows that washing his hands with soap and water does not make them safe to handle operating instruments or to touch a wound; they must be cleansed of all germs by the use of some antiseptic cleanser or else the wound may become infected and cause septic poisoning.

The dentist knows that brushing the teeth does not destroy the germ life in the mouth. As with the surgeon this can only be accomplished by the use of proper germicide or antiseptic.

While there are many ways of sterilizing inanimate things there is only one way of doing it with the body, that is by the intelligent use of some harmless but effective antiseptic, germicide or disinfectant.

the Home and when Traveling

eeth, into tooth cavities, around the gums and teeth, under the tongue, into nd lodge—places never reached by the tooth brush. It kills the germ, disinl—pleasant—it leaves the mouth delightfully, aseptically, hygienically clean.

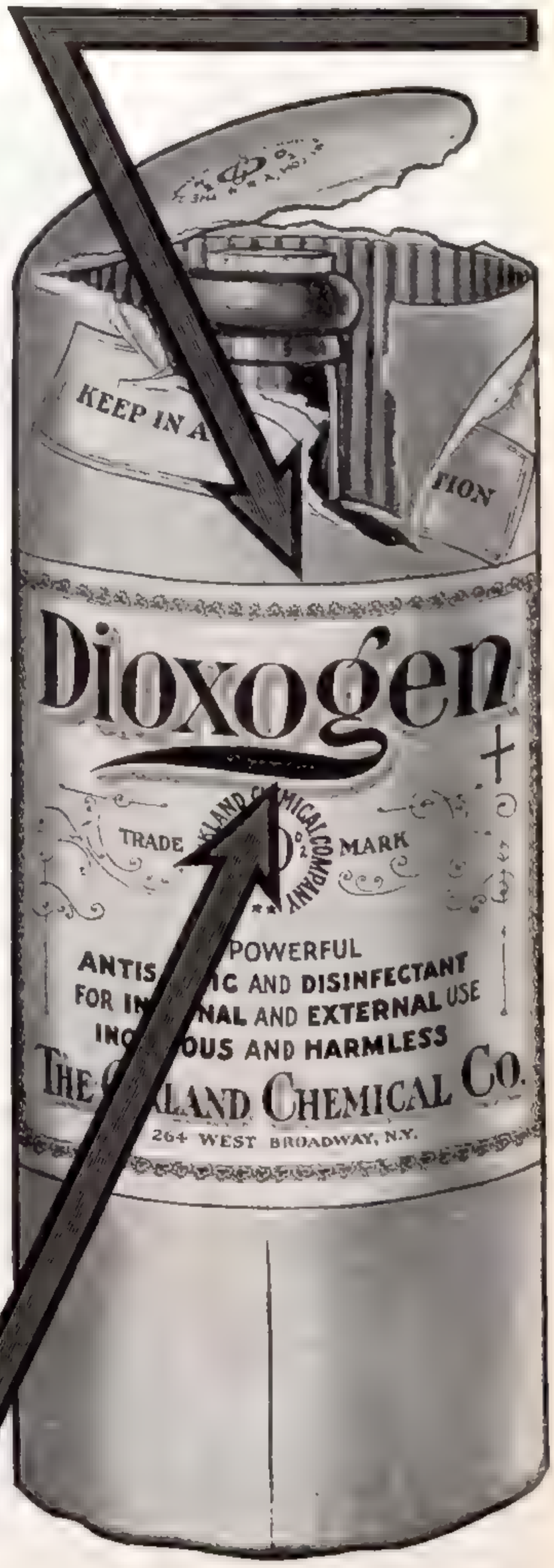
s. Dioxogen tells immediately by its bubbling whenever it finds putrefacre it kills the germs and thoroughly cleanses the tissues so that nothing

ores the irritating substances which cause pimples, blackheads, blotches and scratches, both the visible and invisible, and leaves the skin in a smooth con- skin infection from unclean razors.

into the pores and disinfecting the substances lodged in the skin which

ed FREE, which gives further valuable information.

L COMPANY, NEW YORK



A VENTURE IN THE HIGH C'S

Bobby Burnit Becomes an Angel and has His Wings Scorched

VI

"Certain Party is as Cheerful as a Chunk of Lead About Your Trip, Bobby"

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT WAS not until they went upon the road that Bobby fully realized what a lot of irresponsible, fretful, peevish children he had upon his hands. With the exception of serene Nora McGinnis, every one of the principals was at daggers drawn with all the others, sulking over the least advantage obtained by any one else, and accepting advantage of their own as only a partial payment of their supreme rank. The one most at war with her own world was Madam Villenauve, whose especial *bête noire* was the MeeGeenees, whom, by no possibility, could she ever be induced to call Caravaggio.

On the second day of their next engagement, as Bobby strode through the corridor of the hotel, shortly after luncheon, he was stopped by Madam Villenauve, who had been waiting for him in the door of her room. She was herself apparently just dressing to go out, for her coiffure was made and she had on a short underskirt, a kimono-like dressing-jacket and her street shoes.

"I wish to speak wiz you on some beezness, Meester Burnit," she told him abruptly, and with an imperatively beckoning hand stepped back with a bow for him to enter.

With just a moment of surprised hesitation he stepped into the room, whereupon The Villenauve promptly closed the door. A week before Bobby would have been a trifle astonished by this proceeding, but in that week he had seen so many examples of unconscious unconventionalities in and about the dressing-room and at the hotel, that he had readjusted his point of view to meet the peculiar way of life of these people, and, as usual with readjustments, had readjusted himself too far. He found the room in a litter, with garments of all sorts cast about in reckless disorder.

"I have been seeing you last night," began Madam Villenauve, shaking her finger at him archly as she swept some skirts off a chair for him to sit down, and then took her place before her dressing-table, where she added the last deft touch to her coiffure. "I have been seeing you smiling at ze reedeec'lous Carmen. Oh, la, la! Carmen!" she shrilled. "It is I, monsieur, I zat am ze Carmen. It was zis Matteo, the scoundrel who run away wiz our money, zat allow le Ricardo to say whom he like to sing to for Carmen. Ricardo ees in loaf wiz la MeeGeenees. Le Ricardo is a fool, so zis Ricardo sing Carmen ever tam to ze great, grosse monstair MeeGeenees; an' ever'body zey laugh. Ze chorus laugh, ze principals laugh, le Monsieur Noire he laugh, even zat Frühlingsvogel zat have no humair, he laugh; an' ze audience laugh, an' las' night I am seeing you laugh. Ees eet not so? *Mais!* It is absurd! It is reedeec'lous. Le Ricardo make a fool over la MeeGeenees. *I* sing ze Carmen! I *am ze* Carmen! You hear me sing Aida? Eet ees zat way I sing Carmen. Now I s'all sing Carmen again! Ees eet not?"

As Madam Villenauve talked, punctuating her remarks with quick, impatient little gestures, she jerked off her dressing-jacket and threw it on the floor, and Bobby saved himself from panic by reminding himself that her frank anatomical display was, in the peculiar ethics of these people, no more to be noticed than if she were in an evening gown, which was very reasonable, after all, once you understood the code. Still voicing her indignation at having been displaced in the rôle of Carmen by the utterly impossible and preposterous Caravaggio, she caught up her waist and was about to slip it on, while Bobby, with an amused smile, reflected that presently he would no doubt be nonchalantly requested to hook it in the back, when some one tried the door-knob. A knock followed and Madam Villenauve went to the door.

"Who ees it?" she asked with her hand on the knob.

"It is I; Monsieur Noire," was the reply.

"Oh, la, come in, zen," she invited, and threw open the door.

Monsieur Noire entered, but, finding Bobby in the chair by the dresser, stopped uncertainly.

"Oh, come on een," she gayly invited, "we are all ze good friends; *oui*?"

It appeared that Monsieur Noire came in all politeness, yet with rigid intention, to inquire about a missing piece of music from the score of Les Huguenots, and Madam Villenauve, in all politeness and yet with much indignation, assured him that she did not have it; whereupon Monsieur Noire, with all politeness but cold insistence, demanded that she look for it; whereupon Madam Villenauve, though once more protesting that she had it not, in all politeness and yet with considerable of asperity, declared that she would not search for it; whereupon Monsieur Noire, observing the piece of music in question peeping out from beneath a conglomerate pile of newspapers, clothing and toilet articles, laid hands upon it and departed.

Madam Villenauve, entirely unruffled now that it was all over, but still chattering away with great volubility about the crime of Carmen, finished her dressing and bade Bobby hook the back of her waist, and by sheer calmness and certainty of intention forced him to accompany her over to rehearsal.

Whatever annoyance he might have felt over this was lost in his amusement when he reached the theatre in finding Biff Bates upon the stage waiting for him; and Biff, while waiting, was quite excusably whiling the time away with Miss McGinnis.

"You see, Young Fitz lives here," Biff brazenly explained, "and I run up to see him about that exhibition night I'm going to have at the gym. I'm going to have him go on with Kid Jeffreys."

"Biff," said Bobby warmly, "I want to congratulate you on your business enterprise. Have you seen Young Fitz yet?"

"Well, no," confessed Biff. "I just got here about an hour ago. I didn't know your hotel, but it was a cinch from the bills to tell where the show was, so I come right around to the theatre to see you first."

"Exactly," admitted Bobby. "Do you *expect* to see Young Fitz?"

"Well, maybe, if I get time," said Biff with a sheepish grin. "Just now I'm going out for a drive with Miss McGinnis."

"Caravaggio," corrected that young lady with a laugh.

"McGinnis for mine," declared Biff. "By the way, Bobby, I saw a certain party before I left town and she gave me this letter for you. Certain party is as cheerful as a chunk of lead about your trip, Bobby, but she makes the swellest bluff I ever saw that she's tickled to death with it."

With this vengeful shot in retaliation for his excuse about Young Fitz having been doubted, he sailed away with The Caravaggio, who, though required to report at every rehearsal, was not in the cast for that night and was readily excused from further attendance. Since Bobby had received a very pleasant letter from Agnes when he got up that morning he opened this missive with a touch of curiosity added to the thrill with which he always took in his hands any missive, no matter how trivial, from her. It was but a brief note calling attention to the enclosed newspaper clipping and wishing him success in his new venture. The clipping was a flamboyant article describing the decision of the city council to install a magnificent new ten-million-dollar water-works system, and the personally interesting item in it, ringed around with a pencil mark, was that Silas Trimmer had been appointed by Mayor Garland as president of the water-works commission.

It was not news that could alter his fortunes in any way so far as he could see, but it did remind him, with a strange whipping of his conscience, that, after all, his place was back home, and that his proper employment should be the looking after his

Do You Know Her Tailor?

Do You Know Where You Can Have Your Fall Suit Made to Your Order, in New York Style, of Guaranteed Materials, and Still Save Money?

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home interests; for Silas Trimmer was the man who, in his first venture after his father's death, had euchred him out of his father's store and had caused him to lose an enormous amount of money in a big real-estate venture. Moreover, the whole political system with which Trimmer was now allied had deliberately forced Bobby to the wall after he had purchased a well-established electric light company. For the first time he began to have a dim realization that a man's place was among his enemies, where he could watch them.

VII

IT HAD become by no means strange to Bobby, even before the company "took the road," that some one of the principals should attach themselves to him in all his possible goings and comings, for each and every one of them had some complaint to make about all the others. They wanted readjustments of cast, better parts to sing, better dressing-rooms, better hotel quarters, better everything than the others had, and with the unhappy and excited Monsieur Noire he shared this unending strife. At first he saw it all in a humorous light, but, by and by, he came to a period of ennui and tried to rebel. This period gave him more trouble than the other, so within a short time he lapsed into an apathetic complaint-receptacle and dreamed no more of walking or riding to and from the hotel without one of these impulsive children of art, who seethed perpetually in self-prodded artificial emotions, attached to him. If it seemed strange at times that Madam Villenauve was more frequently with him than any of the others he only reflected that the vivacious little Frenchwoman was much more persistent; nor did he note that, presently, the others came to rather give way before her and to let her monopolize him more and more.

It was during the third week that Professor Frühlingsvogel was to endure another birthday, and Bobby, full of generous impulses as always, announced at rehearsal that in honor of the Professor's unwelcome milestone he intended to give a little supper that night at the hotel. Madam Villenauve, standing beside him, suddenly threw her arms around his neck and kissed him smack upon the lips, with a quite enthusiastic declaration, in very charmingly warped English, that he was "a dear old sing." Bobby, reverting quickly in mind to the fact of the extreme unconventionality of these people, took the occurrence quite as a matter of course, though it embarrassed him somewhat. He rather counted himself a prig that he could not sooner get over this habit of embarrassment, and every time Madam Villenauve insisted on calling him into her dressing-room when she was in much more of dishabille than he would have thought permissible in ordinary people, he felt that same painful lack of sophistication.

At the supper that night, Madam Villenauve, with a great show of playful indignation, routed Madam Kadanoff from her accidental seat next to Bobby, and, in giving up the seat, which she did quite gracefully enough, Madam Kadanoff dropped some remark in choice Russian, which, of course, Bobby did not understand, but which Madam Villenauve did, for she laughed a little shrilly and, with an engaging upward smile at Bobby, observed:

"I theenk I shall say it zat zees so chairming Monsieur Burnit is soon to marry wiz me; ees eet not, monsieur?"

Whereupon Bobby, with his customary courtesy, replied

"No gentleman would care to deny such a charming and attractive possibility, Madam Villenauve."

But the gracious speech was of the lips alone, and spoken with a warning glare against "kidding" at the grinning Biff Bates, who had found business of urgent importance for that night in the city where the company was booked. Bobby, in fact, had begun to tire very much of the whole business. To begin with, he found the organization a much more expensive one to keep up than he had imagined. The route, badly laid out, was one of tremendously long jumps; of his singers, like other rare and expensive creatures, extravagant care must be taken, and not every place that they stopped was so eager for grand opera as it might have been. At the end of three weeks he was able to compute that he had lost about a thousand dollars a week, and in the fourth week they struck an engagement so fruitless that even the cheerful Caravaggio became dismal.

"It's a sure enough frost," she confided to Bobby; "but cheer up, for the worst is yet to come. Your route sheet for the next two months looks like a morgue to me, and unless you interpolate a few coon songs in Tannhäuser and some song and dance specialties between the acts of Les Huguenots you're gone. You know I used to sing this route in musical comedy, and, on the level, I've got a fine part waiting for me right now in The Pink Canary. I like this highbrow music all right, but the people that come to hear it make me so sad. You're a good sport, though, and as long as you need me I'll stick."

"Thanks," said Bobby sincerely. "It's a pleasure to speak to a real human being once in a while, even if you don't offer any encouragement. However, we'll not be buried till we're dead, notwithstanding that we now enter upon the graveyard route."

Doleful experience, however, confirmed The Caravaggio's gloomy prophecy. They embarked now upon a season of one and two and three night stands that gave Bobby more of the real discomforts of life than he had ever before dreamed possible. To close a performance at eleven, to pack and hurry for a twelve-thirty train, to ride until five o'clock in the morning—a distance too short for sleep and too long to stay awake—to tumble into a hotel at six and sleep until noon, this was one program; to close a performance at eleven, to wait up for a four-o'clock train, to ride till eight and get into a hotel at nine, with a vitally necessary rehearsal at two, was another program, either one of which wore on health and temper and purse alike. The losses now exceeded two thousand dollars a week. Moreover, the frequent visits of Biff Bates and his constant baiting of Signor Ricardo had driven that great tenor to such a point of distraction that one night, being near New York, he drew his pay and departed without notice. There was no use, in spite of Monsieur Noire's frantic insistence, in trying to make the public believe that the lank Dulceo was the fat Ricardo; moreover, immediately upon his arrival in New York, Signor Ricardo let it be known that he had left the Neapolitan Company, so the prestige of the company fell off at once, for the "country" press pays sharp attention to these things.

A letter from Johnson at just this time had its influence upon Bobby, who now was not in an antagonistic but an humble mood and quite ripe for advice. Mr. Johnson had just conferred with Mr. Bates upon his return from a visit to the Neapolitan Company, and Mr. Bates had detailed to Mr. Johnson much that he had seen with his own eyes, and much that The Caravaggio had told him. Mr. Johnson, thereupon, begging pardon for the presumption, deemed this a fitting time, from what he had heard, to forward Bobby the inclosed letter, which, in its gray envelope, had been left behind by Bobby's father:

TO MY SON IN THE MIDST OF A LOSING FIGHT

Determination is a magnificent quality, but bullheadedness is not. The most foolish kind of pride on earth is that which makes a man refuse to acknowledge himself beaten when he is beaten. It takes a pretty brave man, and one with good stuff in him, to let all his friends know that he's been licked. Figure this out.

Bobby wrestled with that letter all night. In the morning he received one from Agnes which served to increase and intensify the feeling of homesickness that had been overwhelming him. She, too, had seen Biff Bates. She had asked him out to the house expressly to talk with him, but she had written a pleasant, cheerful letter wherein she hoped that the end of the season would repay the losses she understood that he was enduring; but she admitted that she was very lonesome without him. She gave him quite a budget of gay gossip concerning all the young people of his set, and after he had read that letter he was quite prepared to swallow his grit and make the announcement that for a week had been almost upon his tongue.

Through Monsieur Noire, at rehearsal that afternoon, he declared his intention of closing the season, and offered them each two weeks' advance pay and their fare to New York. It was Signorina Caravaggio who broke the hush that ensued.

"You're a good sort, Bobby Burnit," she said, with kindly intent to lead the others, "and I'll take your offer and thank you."

It appeared that the majority of them had dreaded some such dénouement as this; some had been prepared for even less advantageous terms, and several, upon direct inquiry, announced their willingness to accept this proposal. A few declared their intention to hold him for the full contract. These were the ones who had made sure of his entire solvency, and these afterward swayed the balance of the company to a suit which won a better compromise. When Monsieur Noire, with a curious smile, asked Madam Villenauve, however, she laughed very pleasantly.

"Oh, non," said she; "it does not apply, zis affair, to me. I do not need it, for Monsieur Burnit ees to marry wiz me zis Christmastam."

"I am afraid, Madam Villenauve, that we will have to quit joking about that," said Bobby coldly.

"Joking!" screamed the shrill voice of madam. "Eet ees not any joke. You can not fool wiz me, Monsieur Burnit. You mean to tell all zese people zat you are not to marry wiz me?"

"I certainly have no intention of the kind," said Bobby impatiently, "nor have I ever expressed such an intention."

"We s'all see about zat," declared the madam with righteous indignation. "We s'all see how you can amuse yourself. You refuse to keep your word zat you marry me? All right zen, you do! I bring suit to-day for brich promise, and I have here one, two, three, a dozen weetness. I make what you call subpœna on zem all. We s'all see."

"Monsieur Noire," said Bobby, more sick and sore than panic-stricken, "you will please settle matters with all these people and come to me at the hotel for whatever checks you need," and, hurt beyond measure at this one more instance that there were, really, rapacious schemers in the world, who sought loathsome advantage at the expense of decent folk, Bobby crept away, to hide himself and try to understand.

They were here for the latter half of the week, and, since business seemed to be fairly good, Bobby had decided to fill this engagement, canceling all others. In the morning it seemed that Madam Villenauve had been in earnest in her absurd intentions, for, in his room, at eleven o'clock, he was served with papers in the breach-of-promise suit of Villenauve *versus* Burnit, and the amount of damages claimed was the tremendous sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, an amount, of course, only commensurate with Madam Villenauve's standing in the profession and her earning capacity as an artist, her pride and shattered feelings and the dashing to earth of her love's young dream being of corresponding value. Moreover, he learned that an injunction had been issued completely tying up his bank account. That was the parting blow. Settling up with the performers upon a bloodletting basis, he most ignominiously fled. Before he went away, however, Signorina Nora McGinnis Caravaggio called him to one side and confided a most delicate message to him.

"Your friend, Mr. Bates," she began with an embarrassed hesitation quite unusual in the direct Irish girl; "he's a nice boy, from the ground up, and give him an easy word from me. But, Mr. Burnit, give him a hint not to do any more traveling on my account; for I've got a husband back in New York that ain't worth the rat poison to put him out of his misery, but I'm not getting any divorces. One mistake is enough. But don't be too hard on me when you tell Biff. Honest, up to just the last, I thought he'd come only to see you; but I enjoyed his visits." And in the eyes of The Caravaggio there stood real tears.

VIII

A NEWSBOY met Bobby on the train with the morning papers from home, and in them he read delightfully flavored and spiced accounts of the great Villenauve breach-of-promise case, embellished with many details that were entirely new to him. He had not counted on this phase of the matter, and it struck him almost as with an ague. The notoriety, the askance looks he would receive from his more conservative acquaintances, the "ragging" he would get at his clubs, all these he could stand. But Agnes! How could he ever face her? How would she receive him? From the train he took a cab directly home and buried himself there to think it all over.

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He spent a morning of intense dejection and an afternoon of the utmost misery. In the evening, not caring to dine in solitary gloom at home nor to appear yet among his fellows, he went out to an obscure restaurant in the neighborhood and got his dinner, then came back again to his lonely room, seeing nothing ahead of him but an evening of melancholy alone. His butler, however, met him in the hall on his return.

"Miss Elliston called up on the 'phone while you were out, sir."

"Did you tell her I was at home?" asked Bobby with quick apprehension.

"Yes, sir; you hadn't told me not to do so, sir; and she left word that you were to come straight out to the house as soon as you came in."

"Very well," said Bobby, and went into the library.

He sat down before the telephone and rested his hand upon the receiver for perhaps as much as five long minutes of hesitation, then abruptly he turned away from that unsatisfactory means of communication and had his car ordered; then hurriedly changed to the evening clothes he had not intended to don that night.

In most uncertain anticipation, but quite sure of the most vigorous "blowing up" of his career, he whirled out to the home of the Ellistons and ascended the steps. The ring at the bell brought the ever imperturbable Wilkins, who nodded gravely upon seeing that it was Bobby and, relieving him of his coat and hat, told him:

"Right up to the Turkish room, sir."

There seemed a strange quietness about the house, and he felt more and more as if he might be approaching a sentence as he climbed the silent stairs. At the door of the Turkish room, however, Agnes met him with outstretched hands and a smile of welcome which bore traces of quite too much amusement for his entire comfort. When she had drawn him within the big alcove she laughed aloud, a light laugh in which there was no possible trace of resentment, and it lifted from his mind the load that had been oppressing it all day long.

"I'm afraid you haven't heard," he began awkwardly.

"Heard!" she repeated, and laughed again. "Why, Bobby, I read all the morning papers and all the evening papers, and I presume there will be excellent reading in every one of them for weeks to come."

"And you're not angry?" he said, astounded.

"Angry!" she laughed. "Why, you poor Bobby. I remember this Madam Villenauve perfectly, besides seeing her ten-years-ago pictures in the papers, and you don't suppose for a minute that I could be jealous of her, do you? Moreover, I can prove by Aunt Constance and Uncle Dan that I predicted just this very thing when you first insisted upon going on the road."

He looked around, dreading the keen satire of Uncle Dan and the incisive ridicule of Aunt Constance, but she relieved his mind of that fear.

"We were all invited out to dinner tonight, but I refused to go, for really I wanted to soften the blow for you. There is nobody in the house but myself and the servants. Now, do behave, Bobby! Wait a minute, sir! I've something else to crush you with. Have you seen the evening papers?"

No; the morning papers had been enough for him.

"Well, I'll tell you what they are doing. The Consolidated Illuminating and Power Company has secured an order from the city council compelling the Brightlight Electric Company, in which you are interested, to remove their poles from Market Street."

Bobby caught his breath sharply. Stone and Sharpe and Garland, the political manipulators of the city, and its owners, lock, stock and barrel, were responsible for this. They had taken advantage of his absence to cramp him still further in a business venture that had proved most unfortunate, since his soul had not been for sale.

"What a fool I have been," he bitterly confessed, "to have taken up with this entirely irregular and idiotic enterprise, a venture of which I knew nothing whatever, and let go the serious fight I had intended to make on Stone and his crowd."

"Never mind, Bobby," said Agnes. "I have a suspicion that you have cut a wisdom tooth. I rather imagined that you needed this one last folly as a sort of relapse before complete convalescence, to settle you down and bring you back to me for a more serious effort. I see that the most of your money is tied up in this embarrassing suit, and when I read that you were on your way home I went to Mr. Chalmers and got him to arrange for the release of some bonds. Following the provisions of your father's will your next two hundred and fifty thousand is waiting for you. Moreover, Bobby, this time I want you to listen to your trustee. I have found a new business for you, one about which you know nothing whatever, but one that you must learn; I want to put a weapon into your hands to fight for everything you have lost."

He looked at her in wonder.

"I always told you I needed you," he declared. "When *are* you going to marry me?"

"When you have won your fight, Bobby, or when you have proved entirely hopeless," she replied with a smile in which there was a certain amount of wistfulness.

"You're a good sort, Agnes," he said a little huskily. "I guess the governor was mighty right in making you my trustee, after all. But what is this business?"

"The Evening Bulletin is for sale, I have learned. Just now it is an independent paper, but it seems to me you could not have a better weapon, with your following, for fighting your political and business enemies."

"I'll think that over very seriously," he said with much soberness. "I have refused everybody's advice so far, and have taken only my own. I have begun to believe that I am not the wisest person in the world; also I have come to believe that there are more ways to lose money than there are to make money; also I've found out that men are not the only gold-brick salesmen. Agnes, I'm what Buff Bates calls a 'Hick'!"

"Look what your father has to say about this last escapade of yours," she said, smiling, and from her desk brought him one of the familiar gray envelopes. This was the letter:

TO MY DAUGHTER AGNES, UPON BOBBY'S ENTANGLEMENT WITH A BLACKMAILING WOMAN

No man can guard against being roped in by a scheming woman the first time; but if it happens twice he deserves it, and turn him out to stay an idiot, for the signs are so plain. A man swindler takes a man's money and makes a fool of him; but a woman swindler takes a man's money and leaves a smirch on him. Only a man's nearest and dearest can help him live down such a smirch; so, Agnes, if my son has been this particular variety of everlasting blank fool, don't turn against him. He needs you. Moreover, you'll find him improved by it. He'll be so much more humble.

"I didn't really need that letter," Agnes shyly confessed; "but maybe it helped some."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of six stories of the experiences of Young Bobby Burnit and His Father's Business. The fifth will appear in an early number.

A Deal in Tenements

AN OLD mechanic in a New England manufacturing town owns twenty houses which have paid for themselves. "I've worked thirty years at tool-making," he said, "and never got over three dollars a day—and very seldom less. I never had a chance to become a foreman or superintendent; I guess they thought I was worth more at the bench. My chance came another way. One day I overheard Walters, the bookkeeper, say that if a man paying $30 a month rent could buy the house for $3000 it would pay for itself in a trifle over ten years. I wasn't paying $30 a month rent, but his remark sunk in, and that evening I saw an ad. in the paper about a two-tenement house for sale at $3600—rents $20 and $18. So I got Walters to help me figure it out, and I offered to take the place if the owner would take my savings—$400—as a first payment. He agreed, as he wanted to go West, and that four hundred was every cent I ever paid on that house—the rents paid the balance.

"Two years afterward I'd got $300 ahead again and then looked for another bargain. That's the way I have kept on. I've got the titles to twenty now, and—excepting two or three hundred dollars to start each one—they've paid for themselves."

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YOUR SAVINGS

Money, Crops and Cars

EVERY summer and autumn you see newspaper items that read something like this: "Ten millions of currency shipped from New York yesterday to help move the crops." "On account of the heavy demand for crop money the rates for money advanced sharply."

Thus it is evident that there is a close connection between the harvesting or moving of crops and the money market, and the big facts about it should be known to every investor, for they have a bearing on the investment situation.

Not every one, perhaps, stops to realize the value and magnitude of agriculture in the United States. It is the one great activity that touches all the people and, reaching out from our own country, touches the people of many other lands, for we help to feed the world. It is our largest industry and is pursued by approximately forty per cent. of the population. You get some idea of its extent when you consider that a large part of our wealth is in agriculture; that in 1907, for example, the United States produced two and a half billions of bushels of corn with a farm value of $1,336,901,000; that the total wheat output last year was approximately seven hundred million bushels and valued at half a billion dollars; that King Cotton rolled up a record of more than five billions of pounds, valued at $700,000,000, and that the total value of the oats, potatoes and barley was more than a billion dollars. Here, indeed, is a vast treasure.

But the wealth of golden wheat waving on Kansas and Dakota fields and the fortune in corn that spreads over Illinois and Iowa acres must be harvested and sent on its way to feed people and make markets. It is, therefore, one thing to produce these immense crops and quite another to "move" them, as the phrase goes. "Moving the crops" simply means the financing of the harvest. This includes the movement of products, too. The effect of this process is felt in some way in every section of the country.

The Farmer and Our Money

If the average farmer were like the average business man or even the average man, and had a bank account or some definite channel through which he did his money business, the work of moving the crops would possibly be simpler. But the average farmer does not have a bank account. Besides, if he did, he could not give checks to the hands that come from every region to harvest his crops. These hands must be paid in cash. To supply this cash a large sum of money is required every summer and autumn, and this causes a great drain on the money centres. Money is a commodity and, as a result of this demand and drain, the interest rates for it go up.

The movement and marketing of the crops bring a twofold strain on the banks: one is for capital and the other is for currency. The demand for capital comes from the buyers and shippers of agricultural products, who must employ considerable sums in their operations, while the demand for currency comes from the farmers and planters, who must have cash. Thus the money supply is reduced just at the time when there is a growing demand for loans.

The crop demand for money is first felt in July, for just about that time the winter wheat in the Southwest is ripening. Then the "country" banks in Oklahoma and Kansas begin to send in to the reserve banks of that region for money. When the surplus of these banks is exhausted, they, in turn, send on for their deposits in New York and Chicago. When the call for funds reaches New York a tide of money begins to flow Westward and continues until the grain and cotton crops have all been harvested.

What it Costs

No one has ever figured out exactly what moving the crops costs, but a well-known financial authority, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and now vice-president of the National City Bank of New York, estimates that it is approximately one hundred and fifty million dollars. During one harvest season six Chicago banks handled ninety-two million dollars.

The money is shipped in gold certificates, silver certificates, United States notes and national bank notes. In the South much silver, especially the "cart-wheel dollars," as they are termed by the negro cotton hands, is employed. This money is shipped by registered mail or express. Sometimes, in order to facilitate matters, there is a telegraphic transfer, which is restricted to Sub-Treasury points. By depositing in the Sub-Treasury the amounts required to be shipped, that institution will telegraph to another Sub-Treasury to pay a similar amount to the bank which is to receive the money in that city. Since January 1, 1900, these telegraphic deposits have averaged about twenty-seven million dollars every year. They are divided mainly between New York, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco and St. Louis.

There is, perhaps, less actual money in the handling of the cotton crop than in that of any other crop. Most of this work is done on credit. The planter gets his fertilizer and bale bagging on credit, and the negro hands who work for him have a credit account for their supplies. He sells his crop to a Memphis buyer, who gives him a draft on a bank in New York or Boston. Since the local bank has given him credit the planter deposits the draft. The bank in turn owes its New York correspondent for credit and sends on the draft to liquidate it. Thus credit has done the whole job.

The Effect on Money Rates

The ultimate place to feel the drain for crop money is New York, which is the money centre. The money that goes West is drawn from reserve. A national bank is required to keep a legal reserve of twenty-five per cent. of its deposits. This means that a dollar in bank reserve is adequate protection for a debt of four dollars to a depositor.

Therefore, if approximately one hundred and fifty million dollars is withdrawn from the reserve supply each year for crops, there is a corresponding contraction of four times that amount in deposits and loans. Banks are often compelled to call loans to make their reserve in the autumn. In short, the lending power is lessened just when the world of business needs money. In a way, this works injury to all classes of producers

What is the result? Look at the record of money rates for any year and see what happens. Early in the year you see call money ranging from two to fifteen per cent. and time money from six to seven per cent. But, as the summer comes on and the harvest begins, there is a steady advance in the rates.

By July call money has risen to from three to forty per cent., and time money from seven to eight per cent. In November call money has been as high as sixteen to twenty-five per cent. and time money from eight to ten per cent., on account of the crop marketing.

These high money rates have an interest for the investor. When rates are up, people with money would rather lend it out at the high rates than buy bonds. The result is that the demand for bonds decreases and their prices go down. Bargains may then be bought by the investor who watches the market. As soon as money becomes plentiful and money rates subside, the price of bonds goes up, because there is demand for them

In connection with the drain on the reserve for crop moving, it is interesting to note that there is always a reaction in the late winter and spring. Then money begins to flow into the vaults of the banks. This huge piling up of reserve, especially in New York, is a great incentive for speculation, for much of it is loaned out on call to speculators and operators, who deposit collateral for it. They pay good rates for this "quick" money and the banks are willing to let them have it. This is why there is reference in the newspapers to the "spring boom" in speculation. Much of this annual financial travail would be avoided if the United States had a central bank like England, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary and the Netherlands. Such a bank could carry a large reserve of gold and could do the work now done by the Sub-Treasuries. It could prevent violent fluctuations in the money rate by having a currency so elastic as to respond to the needs of the country, as, for example, in crop-moving time.

The Emergency Currency Provision

The Emergency Currency Bill which was passed at the last session of Congress affords only partial remedy. It permits national banks, under certain conditions, to issue circulation (banknotes bearing the bank's name) on any securities owned by them, including commercial paper. By commercial paper is meant notes representing an actual commercial transaction, maturing not later than four months, and bearing the indorsements of at least two reputable persons.

Practically, all kinds of bonds are now available for this additional circulation (it is limited to five hundred million dollars), subject, of course, to the approval of the Secetary of the Treasury. Heretofore, only United States Government bonds could be deposited for circulation.

Except where Government or municipal bonds are used for circulation, a bank must be a member of a national currency association in order to take advantage of the Emergency Currency Bill provisions. These associations may be formed in any city by ten or more national banks having an aggregate surplus and capital of not less than five million dollars. One is being formed now in New York City. If a bank wants to get circulation on commercial paper, for example, it must file its application for notes through the association, and file its securities with the association in trust for the United States. By the use of these new special facilities, national banks will be enabled to secure money in larger quantities than before and at less expenditure of capital, for the reason that municipal bonds and commercial paper are cheaper than Government bonds.

The Car Shortage

Moving the crops not only taxes the money supply but also causes a car famine every fall. If prices are favorable a great part of the immense crop is transported. The total number of freight cars is about 2,084,000. Of this number considerably less than half are box cars, the kind in which grain is shipped. Estimating this year's wheat crop at seven hundred million bushels it would require seven hundred thousand cars to haul it. One thousand bushels usually comprise a carload.

Take, for example, the Rock Island system, which touches our greatest grain belt. Last August alone it employed 15,000 cars for grain. During 1907 it transported 970,000 tons of corn, 905,000 tons of wheat and 606,000 tons of oats. Altogether, it carried 4,447,732 tons of agricultural products during the year.

The roads that traverse those grain sections of the middle West are strained to the utmost in crop season. They try to anticipate it by rushing empty cars West early in the summer. Ordinarily these cars would be sent loaded.

This vast car movement begins with the threshing of the wheat early in July in the Southwest, and continues until September, when the Dakota harvests are ready for shipment. The traffic is most "dense," as the railroad expression goes, in August. During all the period, however, long trains of cars are moving North and East to bins and elevators, and thence to mills or to the Eastern seaboard for export to Europe.

On account of the scarcity of cars, due to the hauling of the crops, traffic in other products and in merchandise becomes greatly congested and is delayed at many points.

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No 18

DELIA DISSENTS

Her Diary Records the End of a Great Endeavor

By Onoto Watanna

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"But the Time Has Arrived at Last," Ses I, "When the Worm is About to Toorn Around and Walk Home"

WE DRESSED in our best. Miss Claire was after linding me her illygunt camio broach, for ses she shmiling.

"If yer're afther rooning for pressydint you must dress betther than ye're aponunt Think of the broach undher ye're chin, Delia," ses she, "and ye'll hold ye're head hy and horty."

The fuchure mimbers of the yunion began to arrive in boonches.

Some of thim came in carruges owned by the family they warked far and who had innersintly lint thim for the occashun, little dhreaming that insted of a grand parrty the Wolley servants (consisting of mesilf) aloan was afther giving in honor of the Poynt imployees, as Minnie ses tis now the fashun to call oursilves—little dhreaming, as I sed, that we were about to meet for the rightchous purpose of forming a yunion.

The last to arrive was the widder's maid, the little cullud lass I'm afther tilling ye about befure—the wan named Lilly.

The meeting taking place in me kitchen. I natchurally took the place of chareman, and wid me pertater masher thoomping on the table, I called the meeting to ordher. Mr. Larry Mulvaney arose to rayspictably suggist, as he's perlitely saying, that we precede to ihct a prisydint at wance and call the roll.

"Prisydint? is it?" ses I, "and who did ye think ye were afther being invited to meet. Sure it's the Prissydint hersilf whose intertaining the boonch of ye."

A noomber of those marselled oopstares girls started in to titter and at that me blood biled oop widin me. Raymimbering me camio pin I lifted me chin hortily aloft and sed swately:

"We'll now preceed to talk of the roll. Minnie, darlint, will ye kindly show the ladies and gintlemin that we are able to call more than wan roll, but that refrishments are intinded to be sarved afther the meeting is over."

Whereupon Minnie aroze and pulling back the illygunt American flag which Miss Claire is afther linding us as a screen in front of me stachunarry wash tubs, reveeled set enticingly upon thim the rolls and dihcussies in quischun.

"We are here," ses I, rayaing me voyse so it cud be hurd all over the naybyhood, "for the purpose of forming a sarvints yunion and to dishcuss the hard sircumstunses under which we puir loan hardwarking crachures labor wid the shweat of our brows and uther parts of us besides. We have been crooly composed upon for sinchuries, but the time has arrived at last" ses I, obsarving the effect of me oratry in the moyst eyes of minny of me lisseners, "when the worm is about to toorn around and walk home. Lit us, ladies and gintleman," ses I wid passhun, "dishcuss the ways and meens of impoovving our crool and unforchnut position. Will somewan shake some wards upon the booted subject, as Mr. James wud be afther calling it."

"I move," ses Mr. Tooth, he being the gardenir at the Doodleys, "that we shtart properly. Lit us ilect a Prisydint."

A fat little schnipe aroze in the rear She's afther being the nurse over at the Regal's house She and the frorleen are sasted thegither thick as theeves.

"I take this opporchunity," ses she, "to say that I am an American. I cum" ses she "from the South, from which as perhaps ye all know hale all the refinied rich, grate and reel ladies and gintlemin in these Yunited States of America. I am opposed at the outset" ses she "to sitting in a meeting or joining a yunion where cultured people are admitted."

Wid that she toorned a horty glance of disdane and scorn upon puir little Lilly Pearl Jackson, she wid the face the cullur of ye're auld black cat.

I rose in rarth.

"I draw the line at the cultured quischun," ses I. "Miss Lilly Pearl Jackson will be good enuff to kape her seet."

"I sickond the moshun," ses Mr. Mulvaney.

"Passed," ses Museer, feercely pulling at his mustash on aich side of it.

"And now," ses I swately, "we'll preseed to business."

The Rooshun Jew in charge of the ingineering privit illictrical plant of the Oil magnut, hoose afther owning half of the Poynt itsilf, aroze.

He's a silint shpaking gintleman, niver known to open his mouth befure. "For sinchuries" ses he, rolling his black eyes about, "we've been composed upon. You spoke rightly, Miss Pressydint" ses he (I bowed grazefully) "the proverbyull worm is indade about to toorn. I congrachulate you upon this first shtep forward upward—onward. I belave, Miss Pressydint, the idear originated in your fertill brane—the idear germinated there, while you wint about your toil the brillyunt, heaven sint idear came to you, that you would, you could help yere equilly unforchnut bruthers and sisters. And my deer yung lady, while the idear was germinating in your brane, so did the seed in my brane bare fruit of a differunt sort. Behold, deer lady!"

He took from his pocket sumthing rapped about in a peece of oil skin.

"Bruthers and sisters of toil," ses he, "I show you here the object which will wance and for all settle all quischuns of this sort in the fuchure. Poot this" ses he, "in frunt of the roast. Let your masters think it a—stone—for sharpening the carving knife upon."

Wid that he paused, then hissed out the follering terryfying ixplunashun:

"*It's an unfirnal masheen!*" ses he.

"Grashus!" ses I, joomping on the table, follared by ivery female in the room, all haulding up there shkirts as though the kitchen were alive wid mice, while the men—the crachures made a onited move tord the winders and doors.

"Poot it in the fire!" yelled Minnie Carnavan at the top of her voyse.

"Throw it out of the window!" yells I.

But Larry Mulvaney had dropped it in the dishpan.

"Let it soke," ses he. "Mr. Moriarty will ye oblige me by pooting out the loonytick."

Ordher being raystored wid the ecksit of the Rooshun the minits of the meeting preseeded.

"Let us," ses I, "dishcuss our sad sichuwashun as ladies and gintleman. Mr. Momose," ses I, "let us here a ward from you, being a furriner, upon the subject."

The little Japaroze promply, and tooched his hed to the flure itsilf. Whin hes throo bowing and hissing in his breth he shpoke at last:

"In Japan ——" ses he.

"Shpake to the quischun darlint," ses I. "We're in America"

"Wimmen," ses the Jap, "have been given but these wan opporchoonity to show what they can do in the warld—namely" ses he—"the wark of rooling the home. Does it not," ses he, "prove the sex infeerior—incompetent—weak? Man handles his bizness problems well and wiz bizness dispach," ses he; "but wimmen, given this wan only bizness to attind to fale—fale—badly. The solushun is, let men ——"

The American girl aroze hastily.

"Are you making an attack upon our sex?" aska she wid indignashun.

"No, madame," ses the Jap, bowing for tin minits again. "Only upon ye're misthresses."

"Talking of misthresses," ses Mr Moriarty, butting in. "Some are grand and uthers are not. Nuthing makes me madder on airth than to have the ladies of the house interfeering in the shtable, pinning bo-nots on to the harnesses and ribbons about me own auld legs. I'm in favor," ses he, "of doing away wid all ladies in the shtable"

"Be careful" ses I "of the subjick matter of discurse. Sertin subjecks are dangerous. Rolls, teeching, cullur, unfirnal masheens, and, finully, sex. Drop the paneful subjick. Talk of misthresses as if they was sexliss"

"My madum," ses a spunky little Irish girl, "requires me to get up at seven A. M. in the morning. Whin are we to be alloud to have a moment for our beauty sleep?"

The quischun aroused instunt intrest among the fare sex—aven the men being intrested

"Look at us all," ses the frorleen exsitedly. "Sum of us are—homely. Som few are not. Is it fare—is it rite," ses she, "that we be not given a chance all—to be beeyutiful?"

"Frorleen," ses I, "do you think a bit of shlape the morning will take the cracks out of yere face or make Minnie Carnavan's mouth shmaller?"

At that Minnie aroze in doodgin.

"Is it me ye're shpaking about?" ses she shcrewing up her mouth, so it looks like a cracked bad egg

Up spoke the American girl.

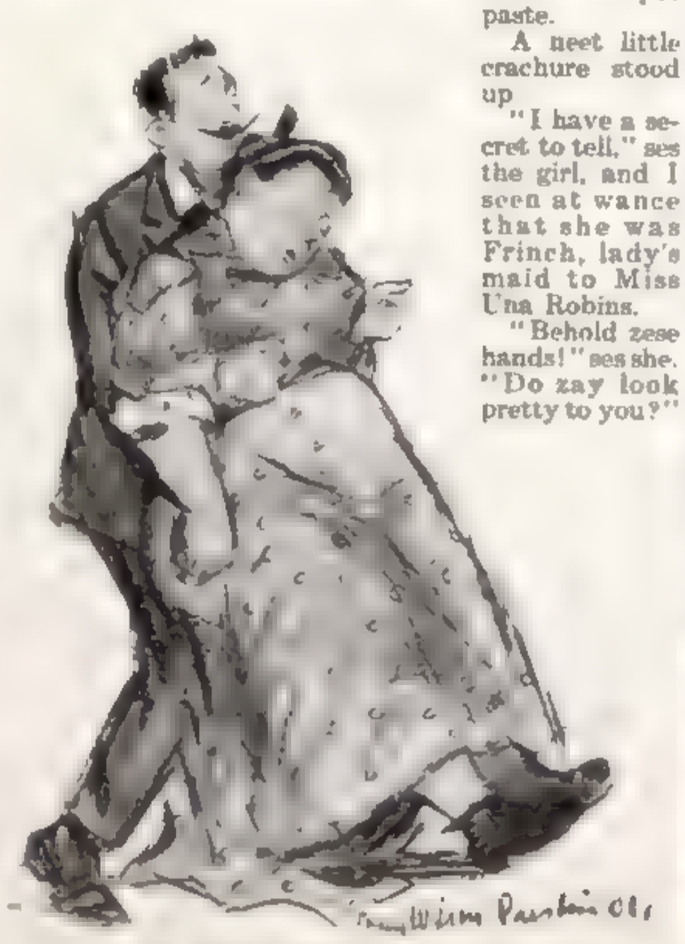
"What of the ladies?" asks she shrilly. "Are they not given the chance to have cumplickshuns ——"

"—of strorberries and creem?" finishes the frorleen, whose own skin is the cullur of pie paste.

A neet little crachure stood up

"I have a secret to tell," ses the girl, and I seen at wance that she was Frinch, lady's maid to Miss Una Robins.

"Behold zese hands!" ses she. "Do zay look pretty to you?"



Bridgay Fogarty Faynted Ded Away in the Arms of Musecr

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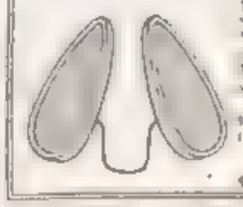

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"Very," ses Larry, and then shrunk back in his place at the look of contimp I'm afther giving him

"It ees only looks zen," ses she. "But feel zem—feel zem—annybody—you, Meester Moolvaney!"

But I throost mesilf betune her and Larry

"Miss—what's yere name?"

"Marie Montybilly," ses she.

"Well, then, Miss Monty for short," ses I, "allow me to infarm you that this is nayther a Coney Island car nor a box at the opera, as Miss Claire would be saying. There'll be no shly haulding of hands in the shadows."

"I mearly," ses she appolygatically, "vished to show the crool cundishun of me hands. I ern my living," ses she, "viz zeses hands. See! I do so—ladies—so!" and she passed her hands over her face and pinched it.

"Ah," ses the Swedish sewing girl who calls hersilf a seamstriss also, "You are massuse."

"A beauty massoor," corrects Miss Monty hortily. "My hands were vonce loavely and soft," ses she.

"But now look—feel ——"

And again I was obliged to poot a shtop to her ackshuns. The teers cum into her eyes. "Ah," ses she, "how my loavely hands are hard—rooined—rooined!"

"And why?" asks I, coming to the point.

"Because," ses she, "all my life is spint in rubbing the face and body of my mishtress wiz alcohol."

"What?" asks Mr. Moriarty, "Did you say whishkey."

"Well," ses I, "and isn't it yere biziness? Wud you rather *cook* the alcohol, thin?"

"No, no," ses she, "I meerly vished to illistrate the sacryvices made by us for ze ladies booty. See! all morning zay sleep—the sleep of beauty. Zen zay wake—the wake of beauty. Zen the chocolate—ze barth—ze rub ze ——"

"That will do," ses I, interrupting. "We'll not go into detales. What is the vote?"

"Later rising hours," ses the American girl bluntly.

"Somewan suggist an hour," ses I shmiling.

"Nine A. M." ses the frorleen firmly.

"My!" I joomped out of me seet. "Mr. John," sez I, "must have brekfust by ate sharp, and the babby is afther wanting his sereal at seven A. M. in the marning."

Minnie aroze.

"Allow me to shpake," ses she defyintly. "Its not so much the hours," ses she, "but the duties'"

A roar wint up at this.

"Yes, yes That's it."

"That's it! That's it!" shouts the intire yunion at wance. As the noyse grajoolly subsides, I seen the frorleen stand up firmly. Shes as histurical and ixsitid as Mrs. Wolley whin somethings gone rong.

"First of all," shreeks the frorleen, "set down on papaer in order what we desire—demand," ses she. "Our hours must be the same as those of any other warking wimmen—8 to 5 -or 9 to 6."

"Are you crazy, frorleen?" ses I pityingly. "Shure the family ates at 7 P. M. at nite. Wud ye have me leeving the dishes over till marning?"

"That's a quischun for the mistresses to settle," ses the American girl, tossing up her chin as if she had a camio broach undher it also. "I move that moshun be passed."

"I'll be dummed if you do," ses I, hitting the potato masher shtrike a turrible blow on the table. "Now," ses I, "I'm pressydint of this yunion. I've perlitely infarmed ye all that the babby is afther wanting his sereal at 7 A. M. in the marnin and dinner is sarved at the same hour at night. Are you thrying to confoose me figures. How do ye make eight hours of that?" ses I.

"But you must shange—shange!" cries the frorleen exsitedly. "Rayfoose to sarve sereal till 9."

"What's that ye're saying?" ses I, shtaring at her wid me mouth open. "And have the lamb go hungry?"

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" cries she, shaking hands first wid the American and then the Frinch and Swedish girl, "It is no use. She is impossible—impossible!"

"Am I or am I not Pressydint of this Yunion?" inquires I

"You are," ses she, promply, "but help us all to help our condishuns."

"The hours will remane oonchanged," ses I.

And thin a new quischun aroze.

"Mistresses," ses the American girl, "shud have more regard for the feelings of their sarvints. Why shud we be addrissed by our Chrischun names?"

"And what wud ye have them calling you by?" inquiries I.

I seen her look exasperatedly at the frorleen.

"Why shud we be insoolted by the gift of there old clothes?" shrilly demanded the American girl.

"Are ye ixpicting the new wans?" inquires I, sarsarskulluly.

"No—no," ses she. "Let us not accipt charaty at all. Let us have wages which will enable us to buy new articuls."

"Throw It Out of the Window!" Yells I

Bridgay Fogarty aroze. She's the cook over at Dudleys and ways three hundred pounds. Shes after being cristened Bridget, but, being swate on Museer, she's changed the name to Bridgay and made it Frinch. Wance upon a time she shpoke wid sinse, letting loose anny dummed ward which sooted her tung. But now shes all simpers and titters.

"Can we not," ses she, "inthrajuice the Frinch methods into the houses? Let us say ——"

"For the luve of Mike sit down," ses Larry, whose the crachures own first cousin. Museer pulled the inds of his mustash, and toorned perlitely to me.

"Let us heer your opinyun of ze mishtresses, mumsell," ses he. I beemed upon him.

"I'm glad for the opporchoonity to shpake," ses I, "if I'm alloud a ward in idgeways. There are misthresses and misthresses. The frorleen over there dishpises hers because she is foolish enuff to call her familyurly Frorleen. We all know what that meens," ses I wid contimp.

"It is a rayspictable term for miss," screems the frorleen exsitedly.

I nodded as if I didn't belave her, and wint on camly:

"The lady frum the South—at yere rite, museer—the wan also ankshuss to dishcuss the sex quischun, hates her mistresses because the lady wont call her frorleen in English. The Frinch musoo, who shpoke a moment sinse is mad clane throo because insted of rubbing her lady's face and body she'd like to be pinching it insted—Frinch fingers being fond of that exsisose. Excuse me, Museer," ses I perlitely. "Prisint company is always accepted. Minnie Carnavan dishpises all her misthress," I wint on, "for she's niver long enuff wid wan to get acquinted wid the puir crachure at all at all. The men have all been silint upon the paneful subject—all save wan—the gintleman frum Japan, who has so shmilingly explained to you why women fail as mishtresses because of there sex; but, noon the less, all the men sarvints in this cuntry nearly who wark *oonder* these same ladies—numbers of the aforesed dishpised sex—are almost intirely from the proud race proclaming the speeriarity of the mail sex. We cum at last to the reel quischun. Are misthresses, good, bad, or indiffrunt? They are! The quischun is ansered!"

There was silince after me iloquant wards. Then up rose the American girl again.

"Let us get down to bisiness," ses she "Let us put several quischuns to the meeting and pass them. First shorter hours."

"That is desided," ses I, conthrolling the pertater masher.

"Siecond," ses she, ignoaring me. "The use of the parlor wance a week, already agytated by our frinds, the club ladies, to see our company in"

"What would ye be doing there?" asks I. "And sure how manny of you will occupy it at wance? Where will ye dance a quiet little jig, if ye've a mind to it, and where wud Mr. Moriarty or Bridgay Fogarty, or Minnie Carnavan there, be taking in peece her little nip of the crachure itsilf?"

Minnie shtood up.

"No gineral housewark!" she suddenly shouted at the top of her voyse.

The frorleen became histiricul. The Frinch musoo was weeping. The eyes of the American girl were flushing out of her hed Up jumps the Frinch wan.

"Vunce," ses she, "Ven ze nurse was seek, I mind zose awful leetle divils for tree hours by my vatch. Mon joor! Me—a mussoo!"

The cam voyse of the American girl indivvured to make itsilf hurd above the hubub of uther voyses.

"One wark only for each girl," ses she.

All over the room now, from the men as well as the wimmen the cries broke out.

"Yes—yes—yes. One wark only!"

"A cook," ses Bridgay Fogarty, "shall cook only."

"A waiter wait," pipes anuther.

"A nurse nurse."

"Miss Pressydint," ses the American girl; "may we ask that you kindly sit down these moshuns in ordher."

"Museer," ses I, toorning to him perlitely, "will ye kindly have the goodness to act as me suckercherry."

So Museer rote. Aich wan of us was to have a grand time indade, doing nuthing all day but wan articul of wark, folding our hands betune times. Ivery family, rich or puir was to kape at leest five in hilp. "Whin," ses the frorleen, "the wark is properly devided and aich girl assined her proper wark—doing not a thing else—we shall have come to the mile-endium."

"Yes" ses the American girl fevently, "whin gineral housewarkers is an oonknown quohty"

"And what," imilly inquires the frorleen, looking at me cross-eyed, "shall we vote the fate of the wan who brakes the rools?"

"The scab?" ses Minnie savugely, shnarling in me very face.

"She shall be torn to peeces—wiz our tungs!" whispers the Frinch mussoo at the top of her voyse.

I shtood up. The trooth doned upon me. Here was I the Pressydint and fownder of the yunion, a victim of a base conspirissy—for, among the hole boonch of thim, I was the only gineral housewarker. The shtriking was to be dun by me aloan. I gripped titely hold of me faithful weppon, and shtarted for thim. I sloshed out rite and left.

Bridgay Fogarty faynted ded away in the arms of museer—and she waying three hundred pounds. The frorleen wint into vyillent histiricks as she run for her life frum the room, the hole lot of thim folering her leed, fleeing for there lives out of reech of me pertater masher, there preshus rools, resilations and moshuns moving wid thim.

I turned to Larry Mulvaney, the only wan of the boonch left.

"The meeting," ses I, "has broken up in dishorder."

"Delia, darlint," ses he, "wud ye mind calling the roll."

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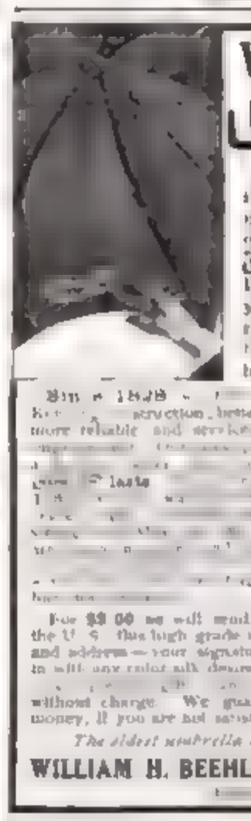

What makes it a NAME-ON?

[illegible] signature way [illegible] in the [illegible] of a [illegible] merchandise [illegible]. You [illegible] and address in a NAME-ON [illegible] seen the next [illegible]. It is [illegible] taken by mistake—you can't lose it. Your borrowing friend simply has to [illegible] back. This is umbrella insurance.

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[illegible] Lasts [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Speculation—By Our Readers

A Good Business Chance

SPECULATION is a business. It is not confined to the stock, grain and cotton markets. It takes in all branches of industry and trade. Dealing in stocks and bonds is just as legitimate, just as honest as buying and selling dry-goods or any other commodity. Stocks and bonds are commodities. They represent an interest in corporate industry.

A prudent man would not think of becoming a copartner in any enterprise without carefully investigating the possibilities of gain or loss, but many men who are ordinarily prudent buy stocks and bonds on the advice or "tip" of some "friend," or as a matter of guesswork. They look upon their purchases as a thing apart from their own business, and generally take it for granted that everything will come out all right in the end. That they frequently lose money is not surprising; the wonder is that their losses are not greater. The same careful judgment that they exercise in their own immediate business affairs would probably have insured them against loss. On this point I speak from experience.

The first stock investment that I ever made was in a one-hundred-share lot of an industrial for which I paid eighty-five dollars a share, or eighty-five hundred dollars. In two months it had declined over two thousand dollars in market value. I bought this stock on the advice of a "friend." The purchase was made at the height of a bull market. Had I stopped to investigate, as a business man should, I would have known that, from the viewpoint of earnings, the dividend return on my investment, and general conditions affecting the security, it was not intrinsically worth eighty-five dollars a share.

This lesson taught me something. I proceeded to look at the matter from a different viewpoint. With the purpose of changing my investment I obtained data on railroad and industrial stocks, studied past records as to earnings, dividends, prices, character of management, condition of property. There is usually no trouble in obtaining such data. When I had satisfied myself, I decided to invest in another stock, hoping to offset my original loss and make some profit. Bear in mind that this change was made as the result of a careful investigation.

I waited patiently for results. It took me almost two years, but, when I finally sold my stock, I got one hundred and twenty-five dollars per share for it—a profit of almost four thousand dollars, after allowing for my original loss and some differences in the dividend return. Presently, I began to devote more attention to stocks and bonds, not with a view to getting rich over night, but after thinking things out from a business viewpoint, and expecting to wait a reasonable time for profits. I was successful. Finally, I sold my mercantile business, and now devote my whole time and attention to stocks and bonds, not with the idea of quick profits, but with an eye always to intrinsic values as well as the possibilities of appreciation. I have made some mistakes, but the net returns have been sufficiently large to convince me that it is worth any man's time and trouble to investigate and use the best business judgment of which he is capable before investing in securities.

That the New York Stock Exchange is a most useful institution I do not for a moment doubt. Without it or some similar place for buying and selling the securities of our leading industries, national progress would be impossible. Speculation is necessarily the life of trade; competition may or may not be. —A. H.

A Piker's Luck

DURING the years 1897 to 1900, while in the employ of an electrical company having offices in lower Broadway, I tried to get rich quick in the stock market. Attracted by the continous upward movement in stocks which had set in after McKinley's election in 1896, I followed the example of all about me and began to "invest" in small lots on margin.

For two years I continued to speculate in this manner, applying the profits to the purchase of additional shares of this or that stock according to the "sure things" that were handed to me in the guise of inside tips. As I was always a bull and knew just enough to buy after a reaction, my dealings during this period were measurably successful. I had doubled my legitimate income, so to speak, and, for the first time in my life, had a bank account.

In the fall of 1900 I met my Waterloo by forming a pool with a sporting friend who knew all about the Brooklyn Rapid Transit. This stock was being manipulated and all sorts of rumors concerning it were flying about. It had reached the high-water mark of 130, and was bound, so the wise ones said, for the goal of 150.

However, when my friend and I appeared in the lists the stock seemed to be backing up for a fresh start. Our plan was to purchase in lots of twenty-five shares at a time after each reaction. We, therefore, made our first purchase at 120. Contrary to our expectations, of course, the stock went steadily downward. Sticking to our plan, we bought at 115, 110 and 105, making a total of one hundred shares at an average price of, say, 112½. It would have to climb above this figure to give us a profit. It never did. It was on the toboggan slide for 50; but we didn't know it. I was in something over a thousand dollars, and, if a rise didn't come to my relief, I must either let go or borrow.

The crisis came. I borrowed. It was impossible to let go, and we should have hung on doubtless, hoping against hope, as long as either of us could borrow. Our agony was cut short, however, by the bottom suddenly dropping out of the stock. Our brokers were obliged to sell us out at a few points below 90, without giving us a chance to throw any more good money after bad.

Though my savings were wiped out and I was in debt besides, I didn't dream of recouping my fortunes in the stream that had swept them away. I knew myself for a "piker" and quit the game.

Most of my acquaintances were in the habit of speculating on margins. We cherished no illusions as to the chances, and I have never heard any one who had lost money in this way urge that the Stock Exchange should be abolished. —D. A. R.

What Happened in a Small Town

MY PENNSYLVANIA town of five thousand population contains few who can live without work of some sort. In November, 1906, there came to the town a gentleman who gave it out that he was connected with one of Pittsburg's largest firms of brokers, and that he intended to establish a branch office for the buying and selling of stocks, bonds and grain on margin, advertising that for twenty dollars he would handle a ten-share deal or five hundred bushels of grain.

One of his first customers was an elderly man who had retired from active business a couple of years before. He was possessed of moderate means, and, as he found an idle life irksome, the broker's office gave him an opportunity, partly, at least, to occupy his time. He was of an extremely nervous disposition, this being the principal cause of his retirement.

At first he made small deals and was uniformly successful. Within a few weeks he had realized a profit of about twelve hundred dollars. The effect upon his nervous system, however, was disastrous, and he told the writer that, as soon as he wound up the trades on hand, he would quit. Unluckily he took on a trade involving three hundred shares of stock, selling short. This time the market went against him, and within a very few days he had put up his profits and about six thousand dollars of his money to protect the deal. While he escaped with a loss of not more than a couple of thousand dollars, the effect of the strain was so great that one morning he was found dead in his bedroom.

A colored man, whose trade was that of stonemason and who by close economy had saved enough from his wages to enable him to take contracts of considerable size, was seized by the fever of speculation, and almost before he knew what had happened had lost every dollar of his hard-earned capital, so that to-day he is just where he was twenty years ago.

Another man had sold some real estate, receiving about seventeen hundred dollars, which was all that he had in the world. He started with ten-share deals, but inside of two or three weeks he dipped in heavily, and to-day he is without a dollar.

Two business men, one the keeper of a grocery store and the other the owner of a livery stable, took a try at the game. Successful at first, they began to think that, if they could make money handling ten shares, they could make more with bigger deals. Their expectations were unrealized, however, for, just as soon as they started to play the game heavily, the market broke, and to-day they are on the verge of bankruptcy, with mortgaged homes to remind them of their folly.

The saddest case of all is that of a young man who had started life as a newsboy. There was good stuff in him, and after he had shown that he was in earnest in his attempts to make something of himself, he was employed by one of the local banks. Here he did so well as to command the respect and confidence of all who knew him. He was steady, careful and honest, and was regarded as a model. Nobody doubted his honesty and his bare word sufficed with all who knew him. On an evil day he took a little flyer in stocks. He kept on taking them, and finally exhausted his savings. One day the cashier observed an irregularity in the young man's work. He followed it up, and found that the hitherto trusted employee had helped himself to two thousand dollars of the bank's money. When asked as to what he had done with it he could only say that he had used it to protect some deals in stocks. —CITIZEN.

A College Boy's Venture

THE recent panic caused an agitation against speculation in stocks and provisions. In my opinion speculation in a legitimate way is absolutely necessary to business and to prosperity, and the Stock Exchange of every great city is as much of a convenience to the investor (or speculator) as is the retail store to the buyer of his daily necessaries. When, however, stocks and grain are bought on small margins, as is often the case with small investors, the Stock Exchange is abused and becomes a breeding-place of misery.

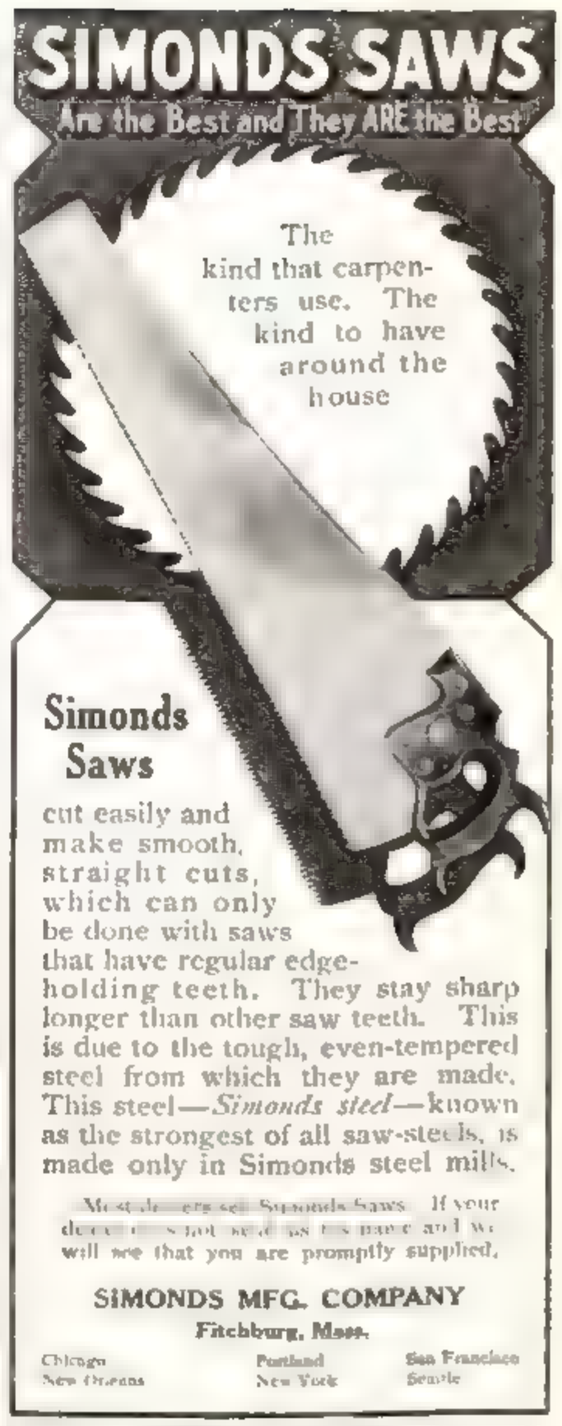
In March, 1904, I was advised to buy some Crucible Steel stock, the market value of which was then 29. I was at the time a student of the Western University of Pennsylvania, and found myself in the possession of some three hundred dollars. Calculating that a great concern like the one mentioned must, under normal conditions, regain its financial strength, I betook myself to a reliable broker and requested him to buy for me ten shares of Crucible Steel Preferred at 29, paying him in full. After my purchase the stock promptly dropped to 27, but then began to rise slowly until, when it gradually reached 51, I sold at a profit of 22 points.

In April, 1905, I spoke to a provision merchant who told me about a little transaction in September wheat, whereby he cleared over four thousand dollars in three weeks. I had my money in bank (then about seven hundred dollars), and had intended to start in business for myself. Seeing a chance for possible gains in wheat, I changed my mind and invested six hundred and fifty dollars in wheat on five-point margin, depending for the time of buying entirely on the advice of the broker, a man of good reputation. Three weeks after my purchase my broker notified me that wheat had dropped four points, asking for instructions. To save what little I could I at once sold, and received one hundred and thirty dollars—less broker's commission.

While this last experience cost me the larger part of my savings, it effectually taught me to keep away from speculation on margin. I believe that a small investor may safely buy some good stocks or bonds if they can be obtained at an attractive price, and provided he has the cash to pay the price in full.

The reason for so many losses sustained by small investors is to be found in their ignorance of conditions, rather than in alleged sharp practice of stockbrokers.

—I. P.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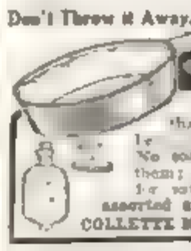

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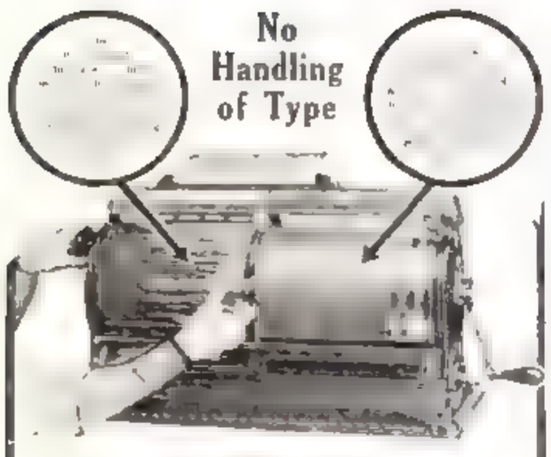

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Raising the Silver Fox

What Can be Done on a Few Acres

By RENÉ BACHE

IF FURS as articles of adornment are not soon to disappear from general use, methods must be devised for raising fur-bearing animals in confinement."

This rather striking statement furnishes the text for a bulletin that is soon to be issued by the Biological Survey. Already this Government bureau has given a good deal of study to the problem, and the first suggestions it has to offer on the subject relate to the possibilities of fox-raising under semi-domestication.

It is the so-called "silver" fox that is in question—an animal whose pelt, silver-gray to black in color, is to-day the most highly valued of all furs, excepting only that of the sea-otter. When it is considered that good skins will readily fetch from five hundred to two thousand dollars apiece, it may be inferred that there is money in the business of conducting a fox farm even on a very small scale.

Oddly enough, the animal concerned is the same as the ordinary red fox, whose skin is worth only a dollar and a half to three dollars and a half. But now and then it happens that the fur of this variety of Reynard takes on a silver-gray or black color—the darker it is, the more valuable—and this peculiarity is readily transmissible to the offspring of such specimens. In fact, silver foxes bred in confinement almost invariably produce only silver young, and there seems to be little tendency to revert to the red

The Government experts are of opinion that it will prove practicable to produce a domestic breed of silver foxes. But by selecting those which show least aversion to man, with due regard to other qualities, a strain may be obtained that can be handled as satisfactorily for propagating purposes as cattle or sheep—in other words, a thoroughly domesticated race of foxes.

Trying to Keep the Color True

Silver foxes can be bred, even under present conditions, as easily as red ones, and at vastly greater profit, the main problem being to make them breed true to color. As already stated, however, this is not difficult. A number of breeders in this country have undertaken this sort of farming as a business with considerable success, chiefly in Maine, Michigan, and some of the Canadian provinces. They have obtained their original stock from dens of wild foxes.

Hope for great profits in fox raising must lie almost entirely in improving the stock by selective breeding. The object of every fox farmer should be to produce foxes as nearly pure black as possible, and, in order to do this, he must retain his darkest and most valuable animals for propagation, selling only the poorer ones. The temptation to sell specimens of high value is often great, but it is more profitable to keep them for breeding. Some of the highest-priced fox-skins ever put on the market, by the way, have been from foxes reared in captivity.

The running expenses of a fox farm are small. Every silver fox raised is likely to yield a pelt with a market value exceeding one hundred dollars. Even pale skins bring this figure, and darker ones much more. It is, therefore, evident that a fair income may be derived from rearing only a few of the animals—especially when one considers the fact that the sale of specimens for breeding stock is, in the present stage of the business, very profitable.

One of the most important features of the work of the Biological Survey during many years past has been the mapping of the "life zones" of the United States—that is to say, of the transcontinental belts, throughout which animal and plant life is relatively uniform. Accordingly, to determine what areas are suitable for fox farming, it is necessary only to learn what zones include localities where foxes are known to produce superior fur. By this means it is ascertained that silver foxes may be bred and raised to the best advantage in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota, and also in the mountain regions extending southward in New York, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and in all the States of the Rocky Mountain country

While it is not at all difficult to imitate the natural conditions under which wild foxes live, this is by no means desirable from the point of view of the breeder. If inclosures are too large, the animals may remain so wild as to be unmanageable. They require little space, and thrive in yards not more than forty feet square. An area of five acres is ample for extensive operations, and not more than two acres are likely to be needed for any except a large and long-established fox-farming business.

A Back Yard as a Preserve

Half an acre will accommodate six pairs of foxes, which are quite as many as a beginner should attempt to handle. An ordinary back yard is not quite sufficient, but little more room is needed. Islands are well suited to the needs of "blue" foxes in Alaska, but silver foxes need close personal attention, which can be better given in restricted inclosures.

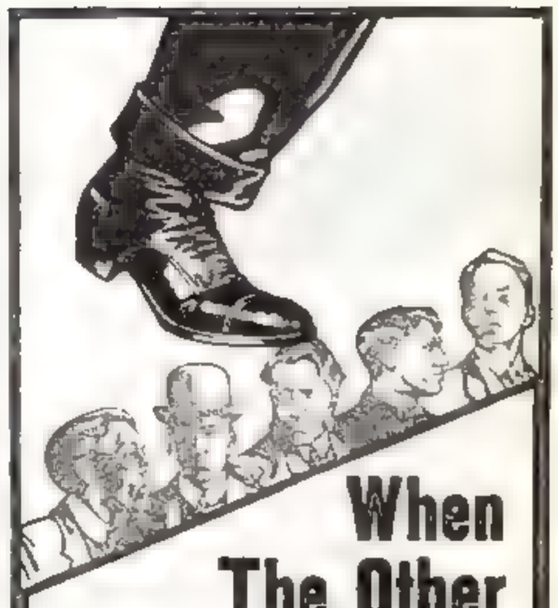
The inclosures should be of woven wire fencing, of two-inch mesh—young foxes are able to wriggle through an opening three inches square—and should be ten feet high and sunk into the ground two feet, an additional two feet being allowed at the top for an inward overhang, to prevent the animals from climbing out. Foxes are excellent climbers. One pair will require two such pens, each thirty feet square, because the male and female are kept separate most of the time; and in each pen there must be a small house or shelter-box, made after the fashion of a dog-kennel, four or five feet square, and with an entrance six inches square. There should be an outer court, similarly fenced, to prevent curious visitors or stray domestic animals from annoying the foxes; and, if possible, there should be a few trees or shrubs in the outer court, to afford shade and seclusion.

The outer court should be kept always locked, and the inner inclosures should be visited only by the regular keepers, to whom the foxes are accustomed. They rarely become tame, and are constantly in a state of fear. It is only by the greatest care that relations of confidence can be established between them and their keepers. Even the offspring of several generations reared in captivity remain wild. On the other hand, they do not seem to be otherwise than happy in confinement. They play a good deal, or lie stretched in the sun. Cold weather has no terrors for them, and snow is a delight. Rarely do they try to escape.

Close personal attention is a prime requisite in the business of fox farming. The animals breed once a year, and the mating season is in February and March, the young being born in April and May. There are from two to eight young at a birth. In December or January the male and female are put together, and in March or April they are separated. The male fox is a model parent, and has even been known to climb a high fence to carry food to his offspring, but his presence excites the female, and it is best to give him quarters of his own.

The young, when they are six weeks old, begin to come out and play, and to lap a little milk and take an occasional bit of solid food. They breed when less than a year old. It is recommended that they be separated from the mother as soon as they are weaned, because it sometimes happens that, owing to her anxiety in their behalf, she fusses with them to such an extent as to injure them.

Foxes are pretty nearly omnivorous. In a wild state they eat a great variety of food, including mice, rabbits, birds, and such insects as grasshoppers and beetles. It is best to feed them, in captivity, with some meat, bread, table scraps, and even dog biscuit. But it is desirable not to overfeed them. Bones with a little meat on them are good for Reynard to gnaw. A fair daily allowance is a quarter of a pound of meat and a small handful of miscellaneous scraps. One of the most successful breeders at the present time gives to each of his foxes a quarter of a pound of meat and a quart of skim-milk daily.



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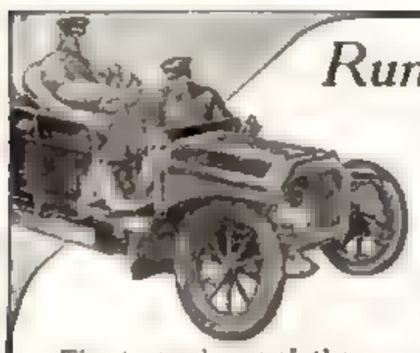

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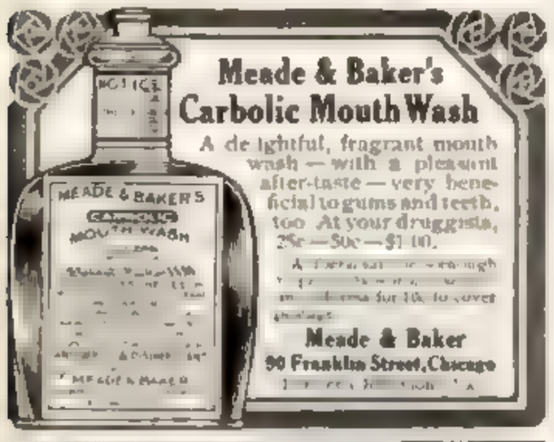

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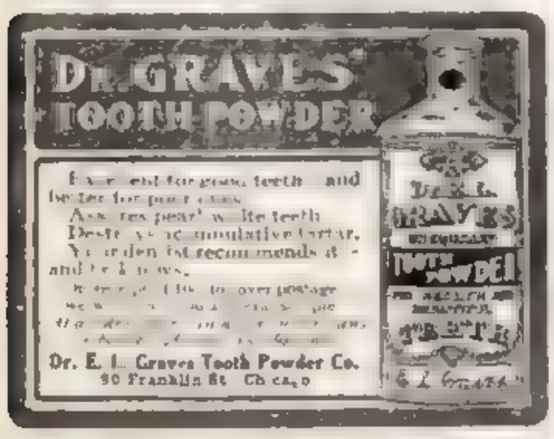

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Sense and Nonsense

Why Jim Ran

WHEN Sherman with his men, 60,000 strong, was passing through Georgia to the sea, they met and slew a small force of Georgians near Macon.

Six or seven Confederates, desperately wounded, were taken into one of the houses on a plantation near the field of battle; but, in spite of the skill of the surgeons, they all died, and the slaves of the plantation were told to bury the bodies.

Soon after the end of the war the old master assembled his slaves and told them that they were free—that they could work or not for him, as they pleased; and that they could occupy their former quarters as they had lived in them.

At this they rejoiced, refusing only to occupy the particular house in which the soldiers had died. The master then called them all together and made an earnest plea: "Why, boys, don't you know that it is all foolishness, this talk of ghosts in that house—don't you know that there is no such thing as a 'hant'?" He argued in vain for some time before one tall fellow, an exhorter among the negroes about him, stepped out and forward. "Say, boss, I'se willin' to go into dat house. I don't b'lief dere is 'hants'—me an' Mandy will go into dat house."

"Shet up, yoh fool niggah!" shouted a short, thick-set wench, who came forward as she spoke. "You'll stay in dere alone if yoh does stay—yoh'll have no Mandy wid yoh if yoh does!"

The master saw that the day was lost unless he settled the matter at once, so he called Mandy's man: "Jim, come here a minute. There aren't any 'hants' in that house, and I'll give you two dollars, a plug of tobacco and a bottle of whisky if you will stay in that house to-night."

"Dat's a whack! boss; I'se yoh man, an' I'll do hit."

At eventide Jim came up to the master's house with a smile that was most engaging. The boss carefully trimmed and filled a large lamp, with which, the tobacco, and whisky, and two silver dollars, he started to the house, followed by Jim.

The lamp was placed on a table in the centre of the front room; the whisky and the tobacco alongside, and Jim seated at the table. As the boss was about to leave, Jim spoke up: "Say, mahstah, I want yoh to lock dat doah, and nail dose windys down tight when yoh goes out: I don't want even a mouse to get in heah." The master agreed, and did so, the entire farm colony meanwhile looking on from a respectful distance. Jim was plainly to be seen by them, as he sat by the table in the lamplight, puffing his pipe, with his hat well drawn down over his eyes, and that bottle and glass at his elbow.

Early as the dawn broke the master roused himself, and looked out and over to Jim's house: he saw the lamp still burning but nothing of the man, so he resolved to go out at once and unlock the door, get Jim sobered up and in good shape for the day.

On entering the house he saw no sign of Jim. The bottle was on the table, the tobacco, the two silver dollars and the pipe; but no Jim! Another glance and he saw that the lower sash in the window behind him was gone. He stepped up and saw quite a hole in the soft earth under the window.

Thinking that Jim had got a dose of delirium, due to the whisky, he started to the quarters, but the hands, all of them, declared that Jim had not appeared to any one of them.

Then the master started to track him from the window to the banks of a small creek, and there lost him.

All day long the hands, while at work in the field, were talking and looking for Jim, but Jim did not show up. The boss grew very uneasy about him by night, and when, the next morning, there were no signs of him he mounted a horse and made a tour of all the surrounding plantations. He spent the whole day in a fruitless inquiry, and as he rode back to his plantation in the early evening time he saw a negro directly ahead of him, bareheaded, coatless, without shoes, in torn shirt and ripped trousers.

The boss yelled out to him: "Get off this ground—get out! I'll not let any tramp nigger come on to my plantation."

"Oh! boss, don't yoh know me?" cried the darky. "I'se Jim!"

The astonished planter then recognized his man. "Great Heavens! Jim!" he called. "Where have you been?"

"Boss, I'se been comin' back!"

He then told his story:

"Yoh knows, boss, how yoh left me sittin' in dat cheer, so snug an' comf'able, wid mah pipe an' dat whisky? Well, I must have set dah quite a while, when I looks 'roun' an' I sees no hants—no hants nowhere—an' I saiz to mahself, 'What fools dose niggahs are, shuah! Dere ain't no hants here; no, sir; dere ain't enny!' Den I takes 'nother pull at de whisky, an' fills mah pipe, an' looks all 'roun' an' I sees no hants, an' I settles down foh a time, an' I saiz, 'I'se shamed to take dat money.' Den I looks up agin, an', boss! I seed dat doah open hitself—wide—an' mak' no noise, jest laik hits hinges am greased! an', boss! a black cat, so high" (indicating the height of a calf) "come walkin' in, an' hits eyes was as big as sassers, an' roun' an' green, flamin' colored! Oh! boss; it hopped right up on to dat table an' set hitself down on hits haunches beside o' me, an' curled hits tail aroun' hits neck, an' den it look at me wif hits big, green eyes an' say, 'Good-ebenin', ol' man; dere is nobody heah but yoh an' me!'

"'Good-ebening,' said I; 'if yoh will only set where yoh is a minute, den dere will be nobody heah but yoh!' Den, boss, I couldn't go outen dat doah—ah, not foh de yearth!—so I turned an' I went outen dat winder: I hit de ground haard, an' *when I riz, I riz a-runnin'!*

"I struck de crick, boss, in a minute, an' dere I stumbled ovah a log on the other side, when a rabbit run out, atween my laigs. 'Get out o' the way, Molly Cottontail, I saiz, 'an' let somebody run *who kin run!*'

"I struck de lane, boss, an' run clear down to dat big oak tree, befoah I stop to get my breff, an' when I looks back, dere was a little man runnin' up aftah me, wif hees haid under hees arm!

"'Good-ebening, ol' man,' sez he to me; 'dat's quite a run yoh made!'

"'You call dat runnin'?' sez I; '*jest watch me now!*'—an', boss, I'se been a comin' back evah since!" —*N. W. Elliott.*

Lines to Mary Ann

I was hasty, very hasty—I am sorry, Mary Ann.
Won't you come back to our kitchen and forgive me if you can?
I am longing, Mary, longing for a look into your eyes,
And my human self is hungry, hungry for your lemon pies;
For the matter of a dollar we have drifted far apart,
I will pay, if you'll forgive me and will forge an apple tart.
When I see the leaden biscuit and the leathery steak I scan,
I am on my knees for pardon, for your pardon, Mary Ann.

I remember how it happened, it is clear as it can be,
How you wanted twenty dollars, and I told you Twenty-three;
I was very young and foolish, on my dignity intent,
And I swear it, Mary, swear it, did not know what cooking meant.
I am older now and chastened; won't you pardon me the break?
Won't you listen to my pleading and come back to broil a steak?
Won't you smother me with mushrooms, fashioned, Mary, as you can?
Won't you make some fluffy biscuit like you used to, Mary Ann?

Ah, if you could lift the biscuit! Ah, if you could only look
On the pale, anæmic coffee since my wife has had to cook;
If you saw the steak she serves me, how our every daily meal
From once being a real pleasure has become but an ordeal,
You'd have pity, Mary, pity, though your love for me is gone,
And you'd hurry back, I know it, and would put the broiler on;
And the gravity specific of the biscuits you'd reduce—
Oh, have mercy, Mary, mercy; don't be stubborn—what's the use? —*J. W. Foley.*

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Oddities and Novelties
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A Gem and Medicine Mine

MINING for precious stones and medicine in combination makes a novel and curious sort of industry in San Diego County, in California. The medicine is lithia; the precious stones are tourmalines — a kind of gem that appears to be steadily gaining popularity nowadays.

In that region there are large deposits of lithia mica, which are being worked for the lithia so highly valued for certain medicinal uses. The raw material is of a purplish color, with bits of mica thickly sprinkled through it, so that it glitters. Here and there, scattered through the matrix, are crystals of tourmaline, many of which are clear and transparent enough to be utilizable as gem stuff.

As the lithia mica is taken out it is sorted over for crystals of tourmaline, which furnish a valuable by-product. Some of them are blue, others yellow, others green, others as colorless as glass, and so on In occasional instances a single crystal will be of two colors—perhaps red at one end and green at the other. This is a peculiarity of tourmalines

The same deposits contain a mineral of an entirely different kind, but which also yields lithium oxide. It holds twice as much of the latter, indeed, as does the lithia mica – usually as much as nine or ten per cent. Closely resembling feldspar in appearance, it is white and very heavy Even when the miners come across it in the dark, they can readily distinguish lumps of it from feldspar by its greater weight.

This white mineral is called "amblygonite," and, together with lithia mica, it furnishes all of the commercial supply of lithia, which, for the most part, eventually takes the shape of neat little tablets, put up attractively in bottles for the discouragement of various physical ills.

Triumph of the Yankee Lemon

AFTER a long period of struggle, lemon culture has been established on a permanent and profitable basis in California, and during the present year about four thousand carloads of the fruit will be shipped to market from that State. This quantity represents approximately one hundred million pounds, or two-fifths of the total number of lemons used in this country in a twelvemonth

The remaining three-fifths, or one hundred and fifty million pounds annually, come from Italy – nearly all of them from the island of Sicily, where the cultivation of lemons is the most important agricultural industry.

The American lemons are grown mostly in Southern California, though a good many of them are produced north of the Sierra Madre Mountains, in Tulare County. From the coast at Santa Barbara inland the groves are scattered along the foothills of the mountains, and the area planted with lemon trees is being steadily extended To start a grove and bring it into bearing costs a good deal of money, but afterward the profits are large.

Lemon trees, when handled properly, are ever-bearing—which means that each tree will have at any time fruit in all stages of development, from the blossom to the ripe lemon. However, the fruit ripens most abundantly during the late fall, winter and spring. It is in summer that lemons are in greatest demand, and accordingly the grower tries to make the harvest as heavy as possible in that season, by pruning and other means.

The forthcoming Year Book of the Department of Agriculture states that the manufacture of lemon oil and other citrus by-products has not been attempted on any considerable scale in this country. They are imported in immense quantities. Of lemon oil alone we buy from abroad something like $330,000 worth per annum. It is utilized for flavoring purposes.

Imports of citric acid (from lemons and limes), used largely for pharmaceutical preparations, are also very considerable, and of citrate of lime, derived from the same fruits, we have purchased abroad as much as four million pounds in a twelvemonth, representing a value of $500,000. Imports of lemon and orange peel, used in pharmacy and for flavoring, are about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds annually

Immense quantities of the oil of lemon are consumed annually in the manufacture of sweetmeats and in confectionery, and practically all of it is produced in Italy. Inasmuch as one lemon yields only about ten drops of the precious stuff, it is obvious that a gallon of it represents a good deal of labor and a large quantity of the fruit. Hitherto the work has been done as a household industry by the peasants in their huts, but recently a machine has been invented for the purpose, which imitates the rubbing and squeezing action of the human fingers. It is likely, owing to its superior economy, to cause a transfer of the business to factories

Guam Asks for Help

UNCLE SAM'S littlest dependency, the island of Guam, is in dreadful trouble because of a disease which threatens to wipe out all the cocoanut trees. Inasmuch as cocoanuts are the principal source of livelihood for the nine thousand five hundred people who inhabit this little patch of terra firma, two hundred and ten square miles in area, in the midst of the wide Pacific, the matter is of utmost importance. Every effort to find a cure will be made by the agricultural experiment station which is about to be established on the island. Congress having made an appropriation for the purpose.

Guam exports large quantities of dried cocoanut "meats," the oil from which is used in the manufacture of candles and soaps, and also as an ingredient of a number of medicines. The natives of the island employ it for lighting and cooking (to take the place of lard), and nearly every dwelling has its patron saint enshrined in a niche in the principal living-room, with a cocoanut oil lamp burning before it. Also, the young women use the oil, perfumed with flowers, to anoint their hair.

Agriculture in Guam is very primitive, and the new station will try to introduce modern methods, while making experiments in the growing of many tropical plants. The island, which is twelve hundred miles east of the Philippines and close to the Equator, has a wonderfully rich flora that embraces not a few vegetable curiosities. For example, there is the "horseradish tree," which yields the "ben" oil of commerce, highly valued by watchmakers. Its root is used in place of horseradish, tasting almost exactly like it Likewise of interest is the "bixa," whose seeds are contained in prickly capsules filled with a red pulp that yields annatto, used everywhere for the coloring of butter and cheese

Nowadays, in the best hotels and restaurants butter is served in its natural color, which is creamy white, but nearly everywhere the market demands tinted butter The annatto is prepared for this purpose by separating out the pulp, which is of an orange-yellow hue. It is employed also for dyeing silks and cottons, and the Caroline Islanders paint their bodies with it.

In Guam grows luxuriantly the "coral-bead vine," whose pretty red seeds are used for making necklaces and bracelets. In the East the seeds of this plant are utilized as weights by jewelers and druggists, because each of them weighs almost exactly one grain. They contain two poisons which chemically are almost exactly identical with the active principle of snake venom, though less powerful—on which account the seeds in India are sometimes ground to powder and used for poisoning daggers. A slight prick of a dagger thus treated means death

Children in Guam begin to chew betel at a very early age, and old women and men are frequently seen with teeth reduced by its use to mere blackened snags. The so-called betel nuts are the aromatic seeds of a kind of palm. A piece of "nut" is wrapped in a leaf of the "betel pepper" vine, with a pinch of quicklime added, and is thus made ready for chewing. It imparts a red color to the saliva, so that the lips and teeth look as if covered with blood. In time the teeth become blackened, and eventually are almost destroyed.

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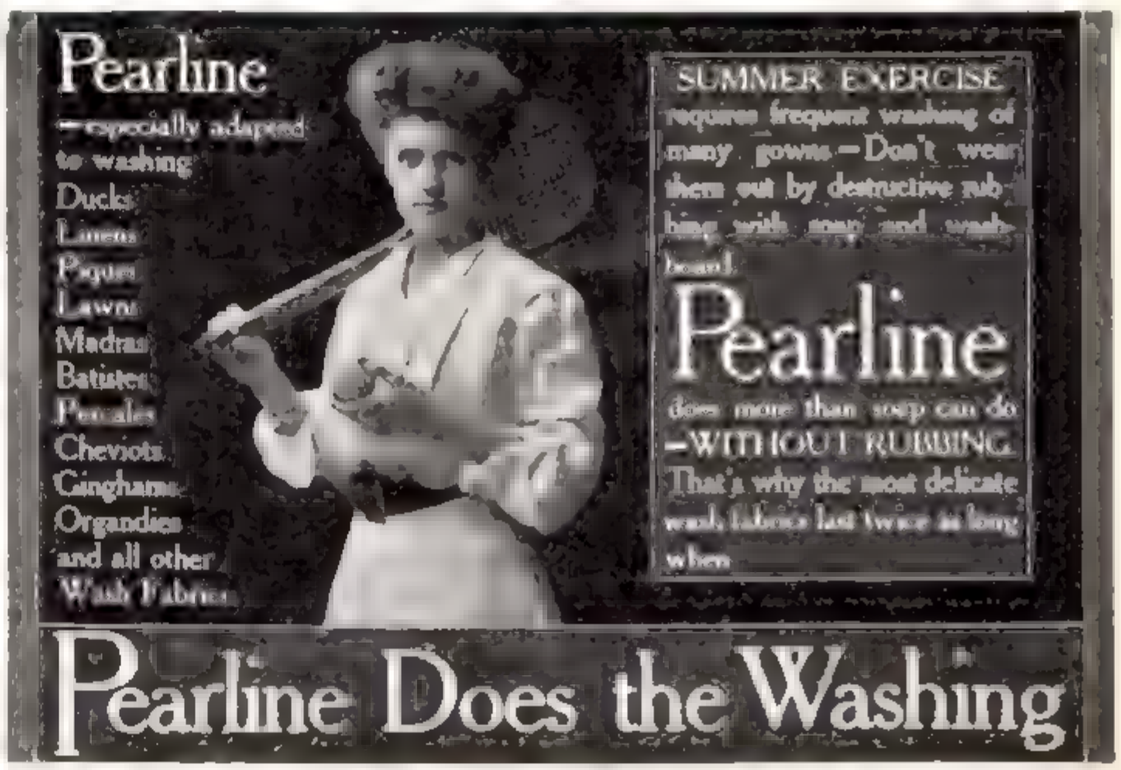

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A TERRORIZED TURKEY

(Continued from Page 4)

steamer's deck—British soil in theory and in fact, for over it flew the Union Jack.

A week later, in the city beside the Nile, Jellal-ed-din's wife died in his arms. Now, he is an exile on the face of the earth for love of a woman.

Membership in the Turkish Secret Police is by no means confined to Turks. Perhaps the cleverest of the secret agents is a renegade German who holds the ostensible post of court dentist. Another spy was once an officer in the British army, who, eventually drifting to the Levant, found service as a secret agent of the Sultan. He still retains the air and bearing of an officer, and it is not a difficult matter for him to ingratiate himself with strangers who may be visiting the capital. But no English resident will speak to him, he has been forced out of the clubs and the better-class hotels, and, falling lower and lower, will one day, perhaps, reach the level of another spy, a woman once noted for her beauty, but now a ragged beggar plying her trade on the bridge of boats which connects Galata with Stamboul.

The Field-Marshal's Honor

In this terror-ridden land the most innocent word or gesture is liable to a sinister interpretation. Time and again Turks have been arrested for pointing out the Palace of Cherigan, where poor, mad Sultan Aziz met his tragic end. More than one man has had to fly the country for discussing in public the forbidden subject of the succession to the throne. Although, owing to religious beliefs, capital punishment is seldom carried out in Turkey—officially, at least—the alternative of exile to the fever-ridden towns of Arabia or the burning sands of Tripoli is little better, as a rule, than a living death. There are other punishments, too, and dark stories of tortured prisoners come now and again from those grim prisons that rear their walls above the Golden Horn—stories so horrible in detail that only one who is intimately acquainted with Oriental character and methods could believe them to be true in this day and age.

In all the annals of the Turkish Secret Service there are few more pitiful cases than that of the great soldier, Field-Marshal Fuad Pasha, the hero of the last Russo-Turkish War, who was dubbed by the Russian commander Skobeloff, "The bravest man in Europe." In the year 1896 a band of Armenian revolutionaries, armed with bombs, captured the Imperial Ottoman Bank of Constantinople, with its millions in treasure, in broad daylight, and threatened to blow up it and themselves if they were molested. Owing to the efforts of the foreign ambassadors immunity was promised them if they would evacuate the bank, which they did, being escorted to a French warship by a force of marines. But the Sultan, wrought to fury by the intrigues and plots of his Armenian subjects, determined that they should be given a lesson which they would never forget. Early that evening a rumor ran like wildfire through the bazars and khans of Constantinople that it was the wish of the Padishah that the Faithful should rise *en masse* and exterminate the Armenian unbelievers. A like message came to Fuad Pasha, who was then Military Governor of Scutari, the great environ which lies on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Fuad Pasha that night lived up to his reputation as a soldier. Mounted orderlies clattered with messages to every barracks in the city. The *cadi* of Scutari was summoned to the *konak* post-haste. The commanders of all the regiments of the garrison answered the summons in person. "For every Christian hair that is injured in Scutari this night," Fuad Pasha is said to have declared to his assembled officers, "I will exact ten Turkish lives."

All that night murder and riot held high carnival to the north of the Bosphorus, and, when the morning dawned, six thousand Armenian dead were buried in hastily-dug trenches. But in Scutari there was no sound through all the night but the steady tramp of the Turkish sentries posted before every Christian door. Fuad Pasha had saved the honor of the Asiatic city and the lives of all the Christians in it, but he had won the enmity of the Padishah.

A few weeks later, without cause or reason, he was placed under arrest, stripped of his honors and deported to Damascus, where "the bravest man in Europe" now lives in exile, an aged and broken man.

The field-marshal is confined in a small house flanked on either side by unsightly yellow barracks, in which are quartered the troops of the Damascus garrison. Two years ago a large party of government officials from Constantinople arrived at Damascus to attend the ceremonies incident to the inauguration of the Damascus-Mecca railway. The route from the station to the Governor's palace runs past the house of Fuad Pasha, and as the procession passed it was noticed that the old soldier, who was seen on his balcony, ostentatiously refrained from saluting the Imperial commissioners. Word of this was at once telegraphed to Constantinople, and the next day workmen, acting under instructions telegraphed from Yildiz Kiosk, began the erection of a wooden barrier completely surrounding the house and so close to its windows that the old hero is deprived of both view and sunlight.

There was somewhat more excuse for the drastic action of the police when, in August, 1906, four young naval officers were exiled to Fezzan for treason. On a Friday in August of that year the Sultan, for the first time in thirty years, failed to attend Selamlik, as the ceremony of going to the Friday prayer is known. Like wildfire the report spread through the capital that the Commander of the Faithful was dead. Some young officers attached to a torpedo boat lying in the Golden Horn heard the news and, more from bravado than anything else, illuminated their vessel with lanterns from stem to stern in celebration of the supposed demise of their Imperial master. But Abdul Hamid, though ill, was by no means dead, and the next day he was sufficiently recovered to listen to the reports of his spies. Now, those four young officers are exiles for life on a parched oasis in Tripoli.

The Secret Police do not confine their activities to espionage alone, but, acting presumably under orders from the palace, stoop to the most petty annoyances of foreigners. An amusing story was recently related to me in this connection by one of the participants.

As is well known, a passage of the Koran forbids the pictorial representation of anything of a religious character, and the police have so interpreted this as to prohibit the sale of post-cards bearing pictures of mosques, priests, tombs, cemeteries, of Turkish women, and particularly of the Sultan or members of the Imperial family. Not long ago a post-card was put on the market showing the ceremony of the Selamlik with the Sultan visible in the distance. A genial Scotchman, and the largest foreign bookseller in the capital, placed a selection of these cards in his window. Shortly afterward he received a visit from an official of the Secret Service. "Those cards, as you well know, are strictly forbidden," said the agent. "How many have you in stock?" The bookseller, by referring to his records, found that he had about four thousand of the forbidden cards and said so. The official immediately paid for the entire lot at the retail price and took them away.

The Treason of the Post-Cards

The following day he presented himself at a great French emporium, where, as it happened, the forbidden cards were published. "Let me know how many of these cards you have in stock," he again demanded. "I will buy them all." An hour of calculation ensued, and the proprietor, approaching, said, "We have something over 140,000 on hand just now." Without a word the police agent turned on his heel and departed. Since then there has been no organized attempt to suppress post-card "treason" in Turkey. But any one who intrusts one of these forbidden cards to a Turkish post-office will never hear from it again, for it will be promptly confiscated. As a matter of fact, no foreigner dreams of using the Turkish postal system if it can possibly be avoided, preferring to intrust his letters to the post-offices maintained by Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Russia and Italy in the chief cities of the Empire.

A more legitimate branch of the Secret Service is the Translation Bureau, with headquarters at Yildiz Kiosk itself. Every officer of the Ottoman diplomatic and consular service throughout the world has standing instructions immediately to forward to this bureau any books, magazine or newspaper articles dealing with Turkey, the Sultan or Islam. These are immediately translated into Turkish by members of the bureau and placed before the sovereign, who, it is said, devotes a considerable portion of his time to their perusal, being thus enabled to keep in touch with public sentiment, in its relation to Turkey, throughout the world.

The Turkish press is subjected to a far stricter censorship than that of Russia has ever known. Officials of the Secret Service are stationed in every newspaper office, and any dispatch or article that passes their censorship is innocuous indeed. Any reference to the internal or foreign affairs of the Empire, to the Sultan or to any members of the Imperial family, to wars or revolutions either in Turkey or elsewhere, to movements of the army or navy, or to the conduct of foreign governments, is strictly prohibited, any infraction of these regulations being punished by the confiscation of the paper and the imprisonment of its editor. There is also a long list of words the use of which is forbidden, among them being liberty, revolution, constitution, parliament, assassination, anarchist, nihilist, bomb, dynamite, Crete, Macedonia, and many more.

An amusing situation was created two years ago when the various newspapers were notified that the newly-created American Embassy had not as yet been recognized by the Sultan as of higher rank than a Legation. The editors were fully equal to the situation, however, for when Ambassador Leishmann returned to Constantinople he was referred to as the American *representative* and the Embassy as the American *mission*.

The Sultan's Ban on Electricity

It is presumably upon the advice of his police agents that the Sultan has prohibited electric lights, electric cars, automobiles, telephones and similar modern conveniences within the precincts of his capital. With the exception of Yildiz Kiosk there is only one building in Constantinople illuminated by electricity, and that is owned by a foreigner and the dynamos were brought into the country by stealth. There is a story current in Constantinople—for the truth of which I do not vouch—that a bill of lading for a shipment of electric dynamos once came to Abdul Hamid's attention. Instantly he forbade the unlading of the cargo. "For," said he, "if it is not dynamite it sounds suspiciously like it."

Although some of the finest bird shooting in the world is to be had along the coast of Anatolia, owing to the restrictions of the police it is impossible to obtain satisfactory sporting ammunition. The importation or sale of loaded shells or of powder is forbidden by law, although that of unloaded shells and of shot is not. By procuring a police authorization, at a cost of a *medjidie* (eighty cents) and considerable trouble, one can buy a very inferior quality of black powder, not to exceed one kilogram in quantity, at the Government arsenal at Top-Khaneh, at about three times the market price. Then, if one is able to load one's own shells and can procure a gun license, he may go shooting.

No telegram in code—excepting only those addressed to foreign legations or consulates—is delivered or dispatched from Turkish dominions, and it is sometimes difficult to send even an ordinary message should it appear to the censor to have an involved meaning. Letters may not be transmitted within the city of Constantinople or its suburbs except by private messenger, the post-office refusing to accept any local mail other than post-cards. All of the standard guidebooks and all works dealing with Turkey or the Mohammedan religion are contraband. Luggage is examined as closely upon departure as upon arrival, and the risk of contraband articles being confiscated is no whit less. Although the importation or sale of firearms is rigidly prohibited, an attaché of the Austrian Embassy relies upon his diplomatic immunity for protection, the shop which he owns doing a flourishing trade in weapons of every description.

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A superior oil dressing with a delicate odor. Contains no acid or turpentine. The shine comes quick, and rain can't spoil it. A smaller size for 10 cents, or one box for 20 shines sent, if preferred. Both come in handy glass jar.

Ladies, ask your shoe man for "Nova" the great cleaner for canvas shoes. In white or 18 other shades to match any shoe or dress.

American Shoe Polish Co.
233 North Franklin St.
Chicago

American Shoe Polish Co
Chicago
233 N. Franklin

Send to
Name
Address
City and State

An army corps having been seriously depleted in the intermittent warfare with the Arabs of the Yemen, the military and police authorities throughout the Empire receive instructions to furnish within a specified time a fresh draft of recruits. So notices are sent out from the various garrison towns to the young and hardy peasants of the surrounding countryside, ordering them to present themselves at the barracks within three days for military service.

One of these dreaded notices comes, in due course, to the humble mountain home of Mohammed Zeytoun. Mohammed has a wife and children to support, and it is only by laboring in the fields from dawn to dark that he can keep the wolf from the door. So, thinking that the matter will blow over in time, he takes refuge with friends in some fastness of the mountains. Three days having passed without his appearance, a detachment of police pull up their horses one morning before his dwelling. Mohammed not being at home the police officer leaves a message that he is to report at the barracks within forty-eight hours, and rides off with his men, taking with them Mohammed's camel and his donkey and his cow.

Forty-eight hours pass by, and no Mohammed. Again the police visit his house and again they leave a message, and this time, before departing, they rifle the house from end to end, destroying what they cannot carry, and, not content with this, they set fire to his grain fields and cut down his fig and olive trees. Yet another forty-eight hours rolls by, and still no Mohammed. For the third time the police make their domiciliary visit. This time the house is burned and Mohammed's children are bastinadoed, and his wife is left tied to a tree with a curt message pinned over her head—suggesting that Mohammed report himself for military service within twenty-four hours unless he wishes still worse to befall his family.

So the next day Mohammed usually presents himself at the barracks in the city, receives without a murmur the expected flogging, and is packed with several hundred of his fellows into a transport having suitable accommodation for about a quarter the number, and is shipped to Arabia to uphold by force of arms the prestige of the mighty Padishah. As less than twenty per cent. of the Turkish soldiers sent to Arabia return it will be seen that Mohammed's chances for seeing his family again are not bright.

Despite the spies with which he has flooded the land and the police agents that infest his palace, the Sultan—whom his people call The Shadow of God—lives in daily fear of his life. He is a deadly shot with a revolver, and more than one of his spies and servants, happening upon him unawares, has fallen victim to his unerring aim. On the rare occasions when he shows himself to his people he wears the same shabby greatcoat, lined from collar to hem with bullet-proof mail. He never sleeps in the same bed twice in succession, and never partakes of food or drink unless it has first been tasted by the chief steward of his household

But the day will come when a new Sultan will ascend the throne of Osman. There will come a new step on the floor and a new face at the door, and the name and the fame of him will spread like Eastern magic over all the land. He can, should he so choose, make himself one of the mightiest rulers in all the world—he can bring order out of chaos; he can change lawlessness for law; he can make the life and liberty and property of his Christian subjects as safe in Turkey as they would be in England; he can develop the untold resources of a vast Empire, encourage education and industry and honesty, and root out the corruption and cruelty which threaten to destroy the nation.

But if that day ever comes the first document to which that Sultan puts his hand and seal should be a *firman* abolishing the curse of Turkey—the Secret Police.

LITTLE IDEAS: BIG PROFITS

(Concluded from Page 5)

stocking up in weak imitation of the bigger men and announcing in trite, stereotyped words:

A Full Line of Fine Footwear

he looked for a weak line and found one—in every store. It was in children's shoes. The regular stores treated these as a side line only, and the newcomer saw his chance. He concentrated his capital and his advertisements upon children's shoes, and was thus able to show a line which easily led the other dealers in variety of style, size and price. He argued that, if he could become established as the "Children's Shoe-fitter," he could easily, when his capital permitted, also secure the mother's trade. And the great shoe department store he is now running proves that his opening move was as wise as it was original.

It takes such a trifling amount of the leaven of originality to attract the attention of the public to a small retailer—providing it *is* original—that it seems remarkable that so very many hardware stores should select a roll of chicken wire as the doorway attraction.

The efficacy of a persistent small advertisement, if it shows individuality, is strikingly demonstrated in a third-rate Eastern city. It reads:

Let Me Off at Burke's!
I'm After Dry-Goods Bargains
All East-End Cars Pass the Door

For six years that ad has regularly appeared in the city daily—at first occupying one-inch space, now frequently displayed on a quarter-page. Mr. Burke's store is one mile from the business centre, but he has built up a trade which draws an average of over a hundred people, daily, from the larger stores on the main avenue. Of course, there was something to back up that advertisement; it was a specialty in odd lots, mill-ends, bankrupt stocks and slightly damaged goods. But Mr. Burke says, emphatically, that it was his unchanged advertisement which so diverted trade his way as to have compelled an increase in the size of his original store—thirty by sixty—to a store of two floors each ninety by a hundred and thirty feet. "Let me off at Burke's" has long since become a catch phrase, and is claimed to be the origin of "Let me off at Buffalo."

The proprietor of one of the finest art stores in a middle West State started nine years ago with a capital of one hundred dollars.

In reply to an opportune question as to his success he picked up a daily paper, hastily scanned one page and, placing his finger upon a small ad, said:

"That is the thing which has done more than anything else to build me up."

It was simply a one-inch card reading:

Erdman's Picture-Frame Shop
347 Main Street

"I wrote that little ad," he continued, "the first month I was in business, although the address was different. I was on a side street then; I paid seventy-five cents for one insertion a week during the first six months. Then I got it in daily, and since then it has never missed an issue. Sometimes I take a half or quarter page to give a list of specialties, but that little card is never interfered with, and never will be while I'm in business. I believe there is not a man or woman in this city who reads a paper that does not instantly associate 'Picture Frames' with 'Erdman,' and vice versa, and that's the great object of advertising."

There is nothing novel about that advertisement. The individuality consists, entirely, in the persistency of its unvarying appearance for nearly a decade. So convinced is Mr. Erdman of the value of its familiar appearance that he insists upon the use of the same type in all papers, securing electrotypes for the purpose. Certainly a man who studies so closely into a little matter is of no common type. His personality influences every other detail of his business.

The famous veteran, P. T. Barnum, always asserted and demonstrated that his success resulted from getting the public to talk about him. The public rarely talks about a man's personality until after his death. His aggressive qualities, his peculiarities, his oddities or his originalities are seized upon and discussed with avidity during his life. Supported by satisfactory goods and a pleasing treatment of customers his unrestrained individuality may easily become his greatest asset. It is, and always has been, the greatest asset of the greatest men in every line of achievement.

My Special Trial Offer

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

My Guarantee: I guarantee these cigars to be hand-made, of clear, clean, straight, long Havana filler, with genuine Sumatra wrapper. No shorts or cuttings are used—no doctoring. Cut one open and prove this.

How I Do It: *Repeat orders*, which practically eliminate selling expense, as well as wholesalers' and retailers' profits. Over ninety per cent. of my cigars go to men who have previously purchased from me.

Almost every smoker who tries my cigars becomes a regular customer.

I want to get more men to only make the trial. It costs you nothing and I am willing to abide by your judgment entirely.

Every day I ship thousands of cigars to all parts of the United States, risking one tenth of my cigars and express charges both ways on my customers' decision as to the cigar's merit.

This is the most severe test—and the fairest test—for cigars existing anywhere that I know of.

My cigars must sell themselves.

This advertisement is simply a plea for a fair trial which costs the smoker absolutely nothing.

If Shivers' Cigars were not as represented I could never hold my business on the above offer.

I make other cigars in all sizes and shapes ranging in price from $4.00 per hundred up to the clear Havana Invincibles at $15.00 per hundred. My offer applies to every cigar I manufacture.

Upon request, I will gladly send illustrated booklets showing my complete lines.

As it costs absolutely nothing to accept my offer and try my cigars, why not send for 50 on trial to-day?

Enclose your business card and state whether you prefer light, medium or dark color.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
913 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

6%
This bank issues Time Certificates yielding 6%, and affords ample security for the money deposited.
Please write for booklet "S."
FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONT

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced Rates on household goods to all
Western points. 443 Metropolitan Bldg. Chicago. Ill.
Wright Bldg. St. Louis, Mo. Terminal Bldg. Boston, Mass.
Commerce Bldg. San Francisco, Cal. Central Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

Hardin College and Conservatory
For Young Women. The College A University trained faculty. The Conservatory Courses in Languages, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Business Courses. Write for Catalogue.
JOHN W. MILLION, Pres., 1102 College Place, Mexico, Mo.

ALWAYS TELL YOUR OWN TOOTH BRUSH BY THE NUMBER AND EMBLEM
Number also printed on top of box. (The yellow box which protects and guarantees brush.) Curved, bevel-pointed handle with bristles trimmed to fit and clean between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to keep brush dry in your own place. Made under American sanitary conditions.
By mail or at dealers. Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c.
Pro-phy-lac-tic
Send for our free booklet, "Tooth Truths."
FLORENCE MFG. CO., 85 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.

NUMBER 9009

(Continued from Page 13)

him indefatigably; and leading them all was the best man-hunter of the State—the grizzled and keen-eyed sheriff who, years before, had taken John Collins to prison. Twice, close-pressed, Collins had seen him, with his broad sombrero, his black mustache, streaked with gray; but neither time had he had the chance to kill him.

The elements, also, had conspired against the fleeing convict.

For the first week the drought had persevered. He had traveled through a parched and arid land. The sun poured like molten lead upon his bare head; dust lay about him like a suffocation; it piled on the roads, sifted through the holes in his shoes, burning his feet; it caked his dry lips; it inflamed his eyes; he had suffered thirst.

Then the long-delayed rains had come. The leaden vault of the sky had burst, letting down upon him the upper reservoirs. For a week he had been wet, persistently, all of the time; he had traveled in ooze; his clothes had clung cold about his limbs, paralyzing them; he had slept in puddles.

And the last few days something insidious had attacked him—something that he felt but vaguely, that he could not name, but which he distrusted profoundly.

A few days before, the rains had ceased and the sun had shone again.

A heaviness was in the air; at the slightest movement, sweat poured out upon Collins' body; a listlessness was in his limbs, a listlessness that was not unpleasant, but which worried him; his veins, swollen as were the streams, as were the budding twigs, ran with a torpor, a peace almost, which he fought; at times a softness came to him, a vague mournfulness, which was not bitter, which was almost sweet, which relaxed his sinews, his nerves, his vigilance—his hate almost. It was something both subtle and inexplicable, something at which he growled, but that he could not resist; something that he distrusted, but could not conquer.

And now it was with him as he slept, there in the chaparral, by the roadway. This it was which caused him to lie loosely asprawl on his back, his rifle almost beyond reach, his right arm across his eyes; it made him breathe deep, it lay about him like a warm, soothing bath.

On the last day of the rain, by a cunning redoubled doubling, he had gained half a day on the leading posse, led by the sheriff. Since that, torpid with the new influence, he had been content to plod straight ahead, holding the gained advantage. This morning he had decided to give up two hours of it to sleep. He had lain down with the intention of sleeping two hours, fitfully, on the watch, like a dog, as was his way.

But now he was sleeping profoundly, on his back, his arm across his eyes, his rifle carelessly rolled ten feet away. An hour passed; he still slept. Another, and he still slept. A mile behind, a group of horsemen came along the road slowly.

Their eyes were bloodshot, the mud lay caked in the stubble of their unshaven faces, and they shifted uneasily in their deep saddles. Ahead, like a vidette, scanning the way, rode a keen-eyed man, with dark mustache grayly streaked, a sombrero upon his grizzled head. He bent low along the flank of his horse, stopped the animal, bent lower, looking into the drying mud of the road, then spoke a few muttered words to the men who now were about him. Immediately they tensed; weariness fled them. And John Collins, in the brush a mile ahead, became fitful in his sleep.

The horses raised their heads to the reins and began to trot. The riders, rising in the saddle, looked ahead, their rifles in their right hands ready for use. An animal stumbled in the rear; the rider cursed, and the sheriff silenced him with a potent look. They were within half a mile of the sleeper now; he awoke suddenly.

He awoke, listened, then crept through the brush to the summit of a little knoll and looked.

He saw them—the sheriff and his posse coming down the road. He looked toward the east, up the valley; from this direction another group of horsemen was approaching. The two posses were drawing an angle of which he was the apex. And three miles away to the south lay the mountains, black with pines, impenetrable to search, he had slept at their very feet while the hunters came upon him. He cursed—but even as he cursed a subtle indifference, a carelessness, was within him.

A short distance ahead of the point where he now stood, between it and the posse coming slowly down the valley, a fainter road crossed toward the hills he sought. At a bend, in a little hollow shaded by a liveoak, a mossy watering-trough dripped, and toward the trough a boy was riding at a walk, on a young horse, bareback. Bending low, Collins glided through the brush down the hillside and gained a patch of woods that, paralleling the main road along which the two posses were converging, extended to the trough. He stepped out of the fringe of willows just as the boy brought his horse to a stop beneath the liveoak. Men's voices came to him from the junction of the roads, one hundred yards away; the posse from up the valley was passing it.

The boy, startled, threw his eyes toward the crackling twigs and looked into the muzzle of the rifle. "Get off that horse!" Collins said, and took a step toward the trough.

The boy slid to the ground along the horse's gleaming flank; the man, watching him narrowly, his rifle at the hip, lowered his head and drank.

A shout came from the road. The two posses had met. Voices mingled in surprise; then in loud discussion.

Collins took a step backward into the willows.

"Where's water in them hills?" he asked the boy, jerking his thumb toward the mountains across the valley to the south.

The boy pointed to a rounded summit, crowned with black pines, across the valley to the south.

Collins raised his rifle, clubbed. He knew that he must kill the boy; all through his flight this had been his rigid line of conduct: to kill those from whom he obtained information.

But now, at this moment of peril, with the voices of the posses floating clear to him on the quiet air, the feeling that had been with him since the cessation of the rain enwrapped him subtly—an indifference it was, a weariness, a laziness—he didn't know what it was, but it made him say:

"If I don't kill you will you keep still?"

The boy nodded mutely.

A grimace suddenly distended the fugitive's cracked face, a strange grimace, like the decrepit contortion of what might once have been a smile; and his eyes lit up, lit up with something that might have been the shadow of a softness. "Cross your heart and die?" he asked.

The boy crossed his heart, his staring face very serious.

Collins leaped upon the horse and was off.

He did not ride toward the mountain to which the boy had pointed. He turned his back to it, made for the main road down which had come the second posse, swung into it, and went up the valley, at right angles to the course that would take him to his goal. As he turned into the main road a yell had sounded. Another rose now; a rifle cracked. He had been seen by some one in the posse. He rounded a sharp double-turn beneath the branches of a sycamore which scraped him as he passed, and a long ribbon of road stretched level before him. The horse was young and fresh; Collins bent forward, his face almost between its ears, and to his mutter it leaped in great bounds. Behind, the yells ceased; they were superseded by a drumming of hoofs, steady, constant, like a buzzing; at times bullets cried wild overhead. The planking of a bridge reverberated hollow beneath him; he rounded another turn. This time, when he had gone three hundred yards beyond it, he brought his horse up in three short cow-pony jumps, wheeled it around at a stand, raised his rifle and waited for the first man to make the turn.

It was as he had expected. The first horseman was the sheriff, riding strongly but calmly, the rim of his sombrero blowing back, his face very grim. Collins held the bead of his rifle against him longer than was necessary (all through his flight he had fired from all angles, in all positions, with absolute accuracy), he chuckled as he pulled the trigger; then, without waiting to look, whirled his horse under him and shot forward again.

After a while, looking beneath his armpit, he saw vaguely a man riding after him, a man with a sombrero. He turned and looked fair. It was the sheriff, riding strongly but calmly, his sombrero rim flapping, his face very grim. He had missed the sheriff!

It was the first time since he had the rifle that he had missed. Heretofore the gun had leaped to his hip, to his shoulder, by reflex, and had blazed death always. It had been impossible to miss; in his eyes the game had loomed up like a mountain. And now he had missed. A fear came upon him: a fear as of the supernatural; clubbing his horse with the butt of the faithless weapon, he urged it forward at greater speed; it was beginning to pant now.

The road was rising with the floor of the valley. Ahead on either side lay half-plowed fields; he saw men bent over their plows behind four-horse teams. One of the teams stopped abruptly; the plowman ran to his horses, fumbled at the traces. Another man, to the left, was doing the same thing. And then, from each arrested plow with its drooping-headed animals, a horse detached itself, traces dragging loose behind, the plowman on its back, and loped with lumbering steps toward the road. And Collins caught a glint of shotgun barrels. A shout came from behind; Collins turned his head; three more ponderous beasts, mounted by farmers lustful for the hunt, were coming across the fields, traces flying behind, spurning with their broad hoofs shining clods. Again he struck his horse with the butt of his rifle—and the breath began to whistle in its throat. A bullet snarled by, close to his head; from the upper window of a farmhouse a shotgun bellowed. He passed a schoolhouse; he saw the children, released for recess, swarm out of the doors like bees; he glimpsed their white faces; their shrill cries came to him in one brief note as he swept by, and then he swerved to the left into a road that went through a pasture and then on toward the mouth of a cañon.

It led away from the hill he had for goal. He went on half a mile, left his horse in the brush, went on afoot another half-mile, leaving a fairly visible but diminishing trail, then, crawling through the underbrush, doubled back along the walls of the cañon, toward the south.

Crawling, springing from stone to stone, always in the brush, covering his rare tracks carefully, he climbed diagonally up across the face of the hills for several hours, and the afternoon sun struck him in a warm wave as at last he came out upon a round plateau, crowned with a circle of black pines; running to the centre, he thrust his face into cool tufts of watercress and drank long, in great gurgling gulps, like a horse. The boy had told him right.

When he had quenched his thirst to some degree he stood up and listened, intent. A quiet was about him, a great, golden quiet. A little bird went by his head with a squeak and a whir, and the silence came flowing back in long ripples, like a sea. It was the silence of altitudes, vibrant, supersensitive, through which a sound passed aquiver like a pain; along its crystal a whisper, a mutter, the crackling of a twig would come for a mile. Collins listened: there was no crackling of twig, no shout, no cry, not a breath, not a sigh.

He walked to the edge of the plateau and looked down the slopes to the valley beneath. Along the ribbon of road, small like mice, and gliding without rise and fall as upon wheels, he saw specks of horses mounted by dots of men; they were going up and down the road in sudden, swift flights, as if bewildered. He had outwitted them.

He returned, dragging his rifle, a little aimlessly, to the centre of the plateau. He knew what he should do—plunge on into the depths of the mountains rising and falling ahead to the south, dark with pines. But a laziness possessed him, almost an indifference—the strange influence that had been with him since the ceasing of the rain. It had left him in the excitement of the chase; now it was with him again, a vague weariness, an indolence. He looked about him. The plateau, ringed with a circle of pines, fell off toward the centre in a gentle depression. In the depression was the spring, bubbling up silvery among the cress. The little stream wound lazily for a few feet, then tumbled abruptly over a mossy log in miniature cataract. About it

"SAVE-THE-HORSE" SPAVIN CURE.
REG. TRADE MARK
SOUND
Patrick Donohoe State President 1232 Christian St Philadelphia, Pa.
$5.00 a bottle, with legal written guarantee or contract. Send for booklet and letters from business men and trainers
Permanently cures Spavin Thoroughpin Ringbone Curb Splint Capped Hock Wind-puff Shoe Boil Injured Tendons and all Lameness
Troy Chemical Company, 43 Commercial Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with
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—How to get money by mail
—How to write a sales letter
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We want salesmen in every State to call on retailers of men's furnishing goods with a popular advertised line, for the benefit of the jobber.
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the grass was lush and high, and in the grass flowers peeped—pink flowers, like small roses, and blue ones, like eyes. The grass looked very thick and very soft. He sat down.

And then immediately, sudden as a blow, there came to him the realization that he was outside. He was out in the open.

He had been out for three weeks; three weeks before he had passed forever outside of the prison's gray walls. During that time he had traveled, he had fought; he had slept in the rain, he had slept under the stars; the sun had poured upon him, the wind had slashed him; not once had he stayed under a roof. And now, for the first time, he realized that he was outside.

He realized the golden stream of sunlight slanting to him across the hills, the smell of fresh earth, of lush grass; he breathed deep and felt within his lungs the clean, clear air of out-of-doors; he saw the sky above him.

It was blue, the sky: a fresh, tender blue. And right at its highest point, overhead, was a little white cloud. He let himself fall back, and lay there, eyes up. The little white cloud receded, receded, seemed about to withdraw within a secret door, up there in the blue dome. He shut his eyes; when he reopened them the little cloud was again in its place.

A bee buzzed by—an hour passed. A golden spider weaved a fragile net from one blade of grass to another.

A soft drum of hoofs on the sward threw him sitting up, his hand on his rifle. At the edge of the meadow a colt stood regarding him, obliquely, half-scared, its long, knobbed forelegs far apart. "Phoo!" said Collins. With a defiant flip of hind-heels the colt vanished down the slope.

Collins remained thus, seated, rifle in hand, a moment. His movement at the approach of the colt had been slow; now a languor was in him—in his limbs, in his veins—a heavy languor, rather pleasant. He lay down again and gazed up at the little white cloud. It retreated within the depths of the heavens. He shut his eyes. It sprang forth again, playfully.

And, meanwhile, a posse was laboriously climbing toward the rounded hill crowned with pines. It filed up slowly, in long zigzags. At its head was the sheriff, patient and grim; he was guided by the boy whom Collins had met at the watering-trough.

The posse debouched upon the plateau, and quietly, following the gestured commands of the sheriff, the men scattered in a circle behind the pines crowning it.

One of the men stepped upon a dry twig, and Collins sat up to the crackle. He saw the man dodging behind a tree, and at the same time, another; then arms passing or faces peering from behind other trees. He grasped his rifle and half stood up.

He remained thus, on his knee, a moment; he seemed listening intently, listening not to what might come from the outside, but to some subtle, inner command. And a great wave of lassitude, of the inexplicable lassitude that for several days had lurked about him, now whelmed him in a long, heavy and enveloping caress.

"Oh, hell!" he said—and he lay down again on his back, in the lush grass, and gazed up at the little white cloud far up in the blue sky, the fresh, tender blue sky.

And to the sheriff's raised and ordering hand the man-hunters began to shoot. They shot from a circle at the stretched figure in the centre which, flat in the high grass, was a difficult mark. It took a long time. Bullets cut the flowers about him, spattered upon rocks, screeched over him; one, after a while, pierced his left arm, which lay across his chest. He rose to the sting, half-angrily, and made a movement toward his rifle; then, "Oh, hell," he said again, with heavy indifference.

It was almost sundown when the wily old sheriff, taught by many lessons the futility of haste, ordered a concentric advance. The men rushed forward; they met face to face above a lifeless body.

The sheriff touched it lightly with the tip of his boot. "Well," he said, and his low voice in the still air had an unexpected, booming finality—"Well, he *was* a bad one."

But John Collins, with glazed eyes, was staring up at the cloud.

(THE END)

ABSOLUTION

(Concluded from Page 9)

the Irish Brigade—now scarcely more than three battalions of two companies each—that every soldier there could receive the benefit of absolution by making a sincere act of contrition and resolving, on first opportunity, to confess.

He told them that they were going to be sent into battle; he urged them to do their duty; reminded them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers of the Republic, and ended by warning them that the Catholic Church refuses Christian burial to him who deserts his flag.

In the deep, battle-filled silence the priest raised his hands; three regiments sank to their knees as a single man, and the Special Messenger and her prisoner knelt with them.

"*Dominus noster Jesus Christus vos absolvat, et ego, auctoritate ipsius, vos absolvo ab omni vinculo* ——"

The thunder of the guns drowned the priest's voice for a moment, then it sounded again, firm and clear:

"*Absolvo vos a peccatis* ——"

The roar of battle blotted out the words; then again they rang out:

"*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti!* . . . *Amen.*"

The officers had remounted now, their horses plunging in the smoke; the flags were moving forward; rivers of bayonets flowed out into the maelstrom where the red lightning played incessantly. Then from their front crashed out the first volley of the Irish brigade.

"Forward! Forward!" shouted their officers. Men were falling everywhere; a dying horse kicked a whole file into confusion. Suddenly a shell fell in their midst, another, another, tearing fiery right of way.

The Special Messenger, on her knees in the smoke, looked up and around as a priest bent above her.

"Child," he said, "what are you doing here?" And then his worn gaze fell on the dead man who lay in the grass staring skyward through his broken eyeglasses with pleasant, sightless eyes.

The Special Messenger, white to the lips, looked up: "We were on our knees together, Father Corby. You had said the amen, and the bullet struck him—here! . . . He had no chance for confession. . . . But you said ——"

Her voice failed.

The priest looked at her; she took the dead man's right hand in hers.

"He was a brave man, Father. . . . And you said—you said—about those who fell fighting for—their *own* land—absolution—Christian burial ——"

She choked, set her teeth in her underlip and looked down at the dead. The priest knelt, too.

"Is—is all well with him?" she whispered.

"Surely, child ——"

"But—his was the—*other* flag."

There was a silence.

"Father?"

"I know—I know. . . . The banner of Christ is broader. . . . You say he was kneeling here beside you?"

"Here—so close that I touched him. . . . And then you said that . . . Christian burial—absolution ——"

"He was a spy?"

"What am I, Father?"

"Absolved, child—like this poor boy, here at your feet. . . . What is that locket in your hand?"

"His picture. . . . I found it in his house when the cavalry were setting fire to it. . . . Oh, I am tired of it all—deathly, deathly sick! . . . Look at him lying here! Father, Father, is there no end to death?"

The priest rose wearily; through the back-drifting smoke the long battle-line of the Excelsiors wavered like phantoms in the mist. Six flags flapped ghostlike above them, behind them men writhed in the trampled, bloody grass; before them the sheeted volleys rushed outward into dark obscurity, where the dull battle-lightning played.

A maimed, scorched, blackened thing in the grass near by was calling on Christ; the priest went to him, turning once on his way to look back where the Special Messenger knelt beside a dead man who lay smiling at nothing through his shattered eyeglasses.

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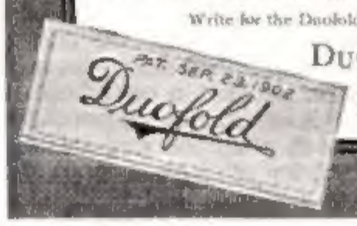

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CRIMES AGAINST THE COW

(Concluded from Page 11)

food has disagreed with us, the cause was not in the amount of that food taken, or in its over or under ripeness, but from its having been contaminated by some definite germ, through careless exposure or filthy handling. Perfectly pure and germ-free food very seldom "disagrees."

Here then is our ideal, our flag which we have nailed to the mast: a clean milk, a pure milk, a germ-free milk, wholesome, nutritious, life-giving, one of the best and safest of all possible foods for infancy and childhood. What is the obstacle which now stands in the way of its realization? Chiefly a commercial one, the question of expense. As has been seen, there is no mystery or trick about its production. Merely strict "New England" or, better, "surgical" cleanliness and spotlessness, such as we insist upon on our tables, in our living-rooms and in our kitchens (more or less), and this appeals to us as both reasonable and sensible, as well as sanitary.

When the Rich Buy Lactated Sewage

But it costs a little more in time and labor. And until the American public is willing to pay this additional two to four cents per quart it will continue to get cheap and dirty milk. A cynical colleague of mine once remarked that the public gets just as good milk as it deserves, in the sense of being willing to pay for it. While these model certified dairies are now in existence all over the land, and their value as an object-lesson is exceedingly great, and even those who do not patronize them are insisting upon their dairymen making at least a pretense of following their methods, they do not yet furnish more than five per cent. and certainly not more than ten per cent. of the total amount of milk now produced.

What is the reason? Chiefly and obviously, false notions of economy. Until any one has had practical experience as a milk enthusiast or sanitary officer, it is almost incredible the fuss which the average householder—even in perfectly comfortable circumstances—will make over an additional cent or two cents in the price of milk. I have known families in good, yes, wealthy, circumstances, who would purchase the munificent amount of two pints of certified milk per day at ten cents a quart for the baby of the family; while for the remainder of the children and the household these economists would buy a gallon of lactated *sewage* at six cents a quart.

Economy, here as elsewhere, in the price of food is one of the most dangerous of the petty vices. You can generally depend upon it, when you are paying an unusually low price for a given article of diet outside of certain seasonal variations, that you are getting a dirty or inferior quality.

There is little need to point out how far ordinary dairy, and even private, methods of handling milk fall short of these standards. Much of it is due to sheer ignorance and carelessness on the part of the dairymen and indifference on the part of the public. A cow stable is expected to be a dirty, ramshackle, strong-smelling sort of place. The yard surrounding it is often innocent of drainage, and used as a place for the accumulation of manure all winter long, until it is convenient to haul it out upon the land in the spring.

The trampling of the cows churns it into a bog of mud and excrement, while from their breeding-place in the piles of horse manure and other filth behind the barn and pig-pen the flies swarm forth in their thousands in the spring and summer, to serve as myriad conveyers of all kinds of filth to the milk.

The only reason why these conditions have not produced far more serious harm in the past is that the development of germs in milk, like other putrefactive changes, takes time, and that where, as is usual on farms and in country districts, the milk is drunk or otherwise consumed within twelve to fourteen hours, and often within five or six, of its production, there has not been sufficient time for germs to render the milk seriously unfit for food. But when, as is now the case under modern conditions, the milk is shipped by rail considerable distances, so that in our large cities very little of it is less than twenty-four hours old before reaching the consumer, and a great deal of it thirty-six or even forty-eight hours old, then the situation becomes serious. This is the problem with which our boards of health are now struggling. Fortunately a majority of sanitary officers and of the medical profession are now thoroughly aroused to these dangers and eager for their removal. The chief problem is to educate the community up to the point of demanding clean milk and to being willing to pay the small additional expense.

Of course, the idea of "economy" is a totally false one, not merely from a sanitary point of view but from that of value received. The additional expense is not large, amounting, as most experts estimate it, to about the wages of one additional man to each thirty-five to fifty head of cows kept. Two to four cents a quart, according to the standards observed and the cost of feed in the locality, will amply cover it; and the consumer gets not merely protection from disease and death, which would be worth ten times this sum, but actually more than double this amount of additional nutritive value. In the first place, where cattle are submitted to this rigid inspection and given this excellent care, it doesn't pay to milk and handle "scrubs."

Only cattle with good milking blood in them and giving a large amount and a high quality of milk can be profitably kept. In all certified dairies of my acquaintance, the additional per cent. of butter-fat contained in the milk is alone worth the additional cost.

More important and vital yet, these myriads of swarming germs have not been idle, nor sitting about with their mouths shut, while they have been multiplying in that milk. They have been living on it meanwhile, and while the milk to the naked eye and to crude chemical tests is still a mixture of water, casein, albumin, fat and sugar, as a matter of fact a considerable percentage of the casein and other nutritive elements have been attacked and broken down by the activity of these germs into substances which are not only not nutritious, but actually poisonous to the organism. So that, just from the point of view of food-value, milk which is swarming with bacteria is from ten per cent. to thirty per cent. less valuable than it was in its original condition.

Robbing the Milk of its Nourishment

If each consumer will first question his dairyman about the methods used, or, better yet, go without previous warning and inspect the barns where his milk is produced, and then and there offer him an additional two cents a quart for really clean milk, or patronize the dealer in his neighborhood whom he finds to be producing the cleanest milk, the problem will soon be solved.

"But," says some one who can no longer contain himself, "what about pasteurization and sterilization? If the trouble is due to germs, why not simply kill them at once by boiling, and thus get rid at one stroke of all the injurious consequences and dangers of dirty handling?" The answer to this is that pasteurization is at best a choice between evils, a broken reed, which is certain sooner or later to pierce the hand that leans upon it. In the first place, it *will not clean dirty milk*, any more than running it through a straining cloth or combing it with a microscopic fine-tooth comb would. All it does is to kill the germs, leaving their already poisonous products practically unaltered. In the second place, its universal application would be a cloak for the continuation of all kinds of careless, filthy and unsanitary methods of production and handling of milk. Every careless farmhand, every greedy farmer, every unscrupulous dairyman would feel that he had been given a free hand to neglect any precaution which was irksome to him, because the milk was going to be pasteurized or sterilized anyhow, and this would serve as a kind of a writ of indulgence and pardon for all the crimes committed against it. Health experts and practical milk controllers and inspectors are almost universally against pasteurization, except as a last resort for certain classes of milk for which consumers will only pay a low price, and which it is impossible to render sanitary in any other way.

Third, and most important of all, unless very skillfully used and carefully applied it spoils the taste of milk and puts it in such condition that children are unwilling to drink it. And the little rascals know what they are about. To their unspoiled palates, "Tastes good" means digestible and wholesome, "Doesn't taste good" means indigestible and dangerous. Sterilizing milk by raising it to the boiling temperature always gives it a flat, disagreeable flavor, and impairs the appetite of children who have to live upon it. Pasteurization, which is simply raising it to a temperature below boiling, but high enough to kill most micro-organisms, was invented to remedy this defect. And this it does to a considerable extent. But it was found, not simply in private families, but also in homes and children's hospitals, that, while the babies fed on pasteurized milk no longer developed the acute intestinal diseases which were so fatal before, they did not as a rule thrive and grow on it as they should, and a large percentage of them developed rickets or scurvy. So that no up-to-date children's hospital or home will to-day content itself with pasteurized milk, if it can possibly arrange to secure or stand the expense of a reasonably clean supply of fresh, raw milk.

Why Milk is Eaten Alive

A little further investigation showed us that other changes, besides simply killing the germs, were produced in milk by exposing it to these high temperatures, which rendered it distinctly less digestible by children. Just what the nature of these changes is in detail is still under discussion. But the general consensus of opinion is that milk contains, in addition to its fat, proteid and sugar, a number of so-called *enzymes*, or ferments, which very markedly assist in its digestion in the human stomach and which play an important part in the changes which go on in the making and ripening of cheese. These *enzymes*, being living products, are destroyed or impaired by heating, as well as several of the proteids being coagulated and rendered less digestible.

In other words, milk to be perfectly wholesome and nutritious to a young child must be *eaten alive!* If you kill it you have destroyed a considerable share of its value. This explains why milk which has been kept for a considerable period before being used, even though perfectly sweet, is less and less apt to agree with children for every six hours after the first ten, and after thirty-six hours is really unfit for use by infants.

The two great problems of our milk supply are: to keep it perfectly clean, and to get it to the consumer as quickly as possible after its production.

There appears to be little ground for the belief, occasionally mooted, that our modern milk supply is in any way inferior to that of fifty years ago, on account of the extraordinary specialization of our dairy cattle and the possible loss of constitutional vigor and stamina accompanying this.

It does make one gasp at first to realize that the modern Jersey or Holstein has been turned into a butter-making machine, a churn on legs, capable of turning out more than its own weight of butter per annum, or its own weight of milk every month! It doesn't seem as if such a creature could have any room left for a heart or stomach, or any energy for such a thing as a constitution; though, as a matter of fact, these pure-bred cream producers, while unsuitable for beef purposes, are both healthy and long-lived. Nor is there any higher percentage of tuberculosis among them than among "scrub" cattle, which are stabled as large a proportion of the time.

It is now recognized that the better-balanced milks of non-dairying breeds, like the Durham, Ayrshire and Hereford, are more healthful, all-around foods for young children than the milk of the pure-bred Jersey, with its enormous percentage of fat and its exceedingly blue skim-milk.

But, apart from this, modern milk is far richer and fully as wholesome in every way as that of any age which has preceded it. An avalanche of public opinion in favor of pure, clean milk has started to move already, and woe betide those who from greed, filth or carelessness get in its track!

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